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Around Town.

To-day SATURDAY NIGHT presents itself to its old friends in a new dress and is issued from a new home. For over eight years the paper was printed in our little place on Adelaide street, where many of the conveniences of a great printing office were lacking. No newspaper is now better provided with mechanical facilities than SATURDAY NIGHT. It will take a little time to get things in working order, but the thousands of kind friends who have helped make the paper one of the most distinct successes in journalism on this continent will have a right to feel disappointed unless we show signs of having improved the paper both in a literary and a mechanical way. It has not been the habit of this paper to boast. The braggart is one who feels that his position is not recognized and endeavors to supplement what he really is by loud words explanatory of what he thinks he is. SATURDAY NIGHT seems firmly entrenched in the hearts of its friends. Its possibilities have been increased by greater mechanical facilities, but after all, its attractiveness must remain, as it always has been, sincerity and a desire to present its weekly budget of news and opinion in a manner pleasing to those who are best worth trying to please. After eight years we should be quite confident that the standpoint the paper has occupied is the standpoint of its readers. What little successes have been ours have not been obtained at the sacrifice of our readers, but by endeavoring to consult their wishes and once a week to see things as they are and to speak of things as we all find them. There are no masks to be dropped nor pretenses to be laid away. In the past, SATURDAY NIGHT and its friends have been a happy family. May the gentle bond of sympathy continue. There is no other paper that I am acquainted with which is on such friendly terms with its readers. There are no readers that I know of that feel themselves rightfully enough too, more like joint owners of the paper and co-editors of the sheet. Why not? Everything that can be done to please a reader does that much good to the paper. Everything a reader does to improve the paper and to help it is a favor to the other readers. The advertising columns unless they please the reader make nothing for the advertiser.

Personally I say good-bye to the old office with a great many regrets. I confess to being held in the thrall of some of those superstitions which teach us that well enough should be let alone. It is not unnatural to fear that a good business having been done in a poor place, it is quite possible for a poor business to be done in a good place. SATURDAY NIGHT has a lovely home. The circumstances of the daily work and the weekly issue are all that could be desired. The friends of the paper are cordially invited to come and see what chances we have for making the paper better and getting it out in a prettier shape. No efforts will be spared to increase the popularity and usefulness of SATURDAY NIGHT, and the paper will esteem it a greater kindness to have a reader point out how an improvement can be made, than to have sent us a great big advertisement or a list of subscribers, much as such favors are esteemed.

A handmade article is usually superior to a similar thing made by machinery; there are certain sorts of stitching that a sewing-machine cannot be trusted to do, and so it is with newspapers. SATURDAY NIGHT, at a time when typesetting machines are crowding out compositors everywhere, has invested in an entirely new dress of type and will continue to be set by hand. It will endeavor to preserve its countenance and its mechanical distinctiveness.

Few except travelers ever have an early breakfast in a restaurant. People who live at home, if they have to breakfast early, sometimes have their good nature tried by a hastily and badly prepared meal eaten in a chilly dining-room, in lonesome state and an irritable frame of mind, but they have never really tasted the fully developed discomfort of a morning meal unless they have been forced to partake of one in a badly regulated restaurant. In rambling about I think I have sampled nearly all the discomforts of civilized life, and next to a very bad hotel, where the horrors of the thing last through the gamut of the whole day, dropping into even a good restaurant for breakfast, where the chairs are piled on the tables and sleepy waiters are washing the floors and filling the oppressive air with the smell of suds and the sound of sulky complainings, caps the climax.

The cold gray of the morning mingles with the light of a few jets of flickering gas. The chops and steaks, the onions and the beer of yesterday still haunt the room. The coatless waiters, with their trousers turned up and their collars laid down, move about, with surly looks insisting that it is not their "watch," and if the thing occurs again they intend to give notice. With one's heels on the rung of a chair to escape the wet of the floor, with a newspaper which refuses to be read in the half-light, and with one's stomach rebelling against all thoughts of food amidst such surroundings, the delay in waiting for breakfast is not likely to increase either one's happiness or appetite. In the Old Country, where no one is supposed to ask for breakfast in a restaurant before ten o'clock, I have often waited for nearly an hour watching the faces of those who passed the window and wondering why it is that all our troubles and problems seem so real in the morning. No matter how gay we may have

been the night before, no matter how hopeful or even certain of success and happiness, the cold dawn brings us back to that absolute sanity which is next door to melancholy. The faces of the healthy are brighter, the step is firmer, and there is more light in the eyes, more firmness about the mouth; the hardness of the world is being fully comprehended, and I envy those who feel strong enough to meet everything they see facing them out of the morning mist. But the beggar and the profligate, the roisterer, and those who we can easily guess are coming from a night of watching, how weak and tired and unfit for the day they all look!

As I got off the car at the corner of King and Yonge and went down to Harry Webb's for breakfast the other morning, I expected to see the legs of the chairs all uplifted to heaven, and to smell the old smells and to hear the old slang of the restaurants that I remembered in a hundred towns, hundreds and thousands of miles apart, but all alike. The disappointment was a pleasant one, for every-

city. I am quite sure that if nine out of ten of the regular residents of Toronto were asked which is the best hotel here, they would be forced to admit that of their own personal knowledge they could not make a selection. They can tell you the best hotel in Montreal or Kingston, or London, or New York, perhaps of London or Paris, but they know nothing except by hearsay of the hotels of Toronto. They have no call to use them, and very few attractions are offered by the hotelkeepers of Toronto to induce small families to quit housekeeping and adopt hotel life. Perhaps in the majority of cases people are better off in homes of their own. As Home, Sweet Home was written by a man who never had a home, so a great many people talk as if a home consisted of four walls enclosing a number of rooms for which the occupants pay rent and to which they alone have access. Many of the difficulties of life are caused by imperfect housekeeping, and in instances where there are no children, existence would be much more enjoyable for both the husband and wife in a couple of rooms in a

may be positive, the tourist trade will never come here as it should until we have such a hotel.

Not long ago in Ottawa the name of a very able man came up in a discussion, and somebody ventured to remark that it was a pity he was not in public life. One of the little company that was sitting around the table quickly said, "Oh, he is the wrong temperament; he would never be a success." Another added, "He has tried it two or three times already and been beaten." The second speaker supplemented this by explaining, "Men of his temperament expect people to run after them. They have too lofty a notion of themselves, and you know how little people relish a man of that temperament." I was mightily amused, for I happened to know that the men who were talking so learnedly about temperament had done their best to undermine and destroy the one who was being criticized as having a lofty notion of himself. Without going to any great labor, I think each one of us could count up a

as I have been, I regard the bill as nothing more than an attempt on the part of the hierarchy to brand the Catholics of Manitoba with a cross on their faces as Western ranchmen brand their calves. To even mention a class of the community as exempt from any duty of citizenship is to brand them as peculiar people. To give them unusual or extraordinary privileges is to declare them wards of the State as Indians, imbeciles, or lunatics are. This is being done. It is the essence of the Remedial Bill.

DON.

Prof. Roentgen of the University of Wurzburg, while working with an electric light in a partial vacuum, noticed some marks upon a piece of paper that happened to be near by. He began to experiment, and with results so rapid and amazing that now every scientist in the world is at work night and day—some of them with appliances as crude as Franklin's kite and key. They do not stop to eat or sleep, but in relays work on and on, for it is fairly thought that a new principle has been mastered, a discovery made, that will rank in importance with gravitation and electricity.

Toronto University has much reason for feeling proud of the part it is playing in the matter. A Varsity man now in Germany sent home full particulars of Prof. Roentgen's discovery, and soon the fever of experiment and the delirious elation that attends success spread over the whole university. The daily papers have reported with remarkable scientific exactness, technical completeness and impressiveness of expression, just what Roentgen discovered and just what the different workers at Varsity were accomplishing. Everyone understands the cathode rays and the "X" rays, the Crookes tube, fluorescence, the discrimination shown by the rays between organic and inorganic matter, etc. It illustrates a strange trait in human character that the average man knows more about electric light than he does about sunlight.

Tuesday afternoon I gained admission to the room in the School of Practical Science, where the experiments were being made, and was fortunate enough to be present when the triumph was achieved of making an instantaneous photograph of the metallic contents of a small box. President London and Principal Galbraith were proud and keen spectators and thoughtful advisers of Messrs. McLellan, Wright and Keeler, who were making the experiments. On a table stood a small upright stick, to which was attached a glass resembling the bulb of an incandescent lamp—to this ran two electric wires. To my eyes this seemed the whole equipment. On the table and directly under this glass bulb a pasteboard box containing a sheet of glass was placed; upon this the object to be photographed was laid, over this an inch board, a little wheel was turned, a light appeared and fizzed in the glass bulb—the pasteboard box with its sheet of glass was carried into the dark-room and developed as the photographer develops the ordinary negative. In this way a box of instruments was photographed, a frog showed up its bones, a human hand stood out like the hand of a skeleton—dim, perhaps and shadowy, but with the flesh gone and the joints defined. To those outside the schools the result is greater than the means by which it is procured, and I am not attempting to enlighten scientists in regard to science.

No one could possibly experience a more complete change of atmosphere than the newspaper man who enters a laboratory. Here I saw men who night and day for more than a week have experimented with electricity and rays of light, without regular meals or rest or sleep. Conversation was in murmurs. Suggestions were offered in tones suited to a sick-room, and listened to with deference. When I did catch a few words it was as Greek to me, for the English of the laboratory is a dead language to those living in the outer world. Down in the city we know very little of these men who puzzle and think, and operate immense forces along little needles, merely exchanging glances as results are noted. Seated with the little group about the table, this thought impressed me as more valuable than the "X" rays—the thought that men have their whole minds and souls trained upon such purposes, while we never know of them or hear of them until some great discovery is made that benefits all mankind. Prof. Roentgen has been studying rays of light for more than fifteen years, but it was only when a bit of paper, happening to lie in a certain place, caught some impressions by accident, that he was put in the way of a new idea and was presented with the badge of an Order by his Emperor.

The world is getting old and wise, for if it does not know everything it has that acme of wisdom, a knowledge of how great may be the unknown things. That little glass bulb, with its sulphurous light, so simple in appearance, yet performing such a wonder as the making of a photograph through a solid mass of wood—a light so potent in its uses, yet so mild that the naked eye can see no strength in the rays more than in those from a coal-oil lamp—this would once have been called witchcraft, and those devoted scientists whom I saw at the School of Science would once have been burned at the stake as men sold to the Evil One. Even to-day it would not be hard to convince people that this new thing is devil-work.

Most of the pictures appearing in the papers across the line as samples of the new photo-



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT'S NEW HOME.

thing was ready, the service was noiseless and the breakfast was good. Think of it, O ye travelers, who know the hotels and restaurants in every other town in Canada better than in your own city of Toronto, it is possible to get a good breakfast in a restaurant at seven o'clock in the morning! Porridge and cream, and a steak and a cup of coffee, and tell it not in Gath, be charged only a quarter of a dollar for them all. This may seem a trivial thing to write about, but it is the first time it ever happened me, and I made vows that I would rise up and bless Harry Webb the next time I wrote anything for SATURDAY NIGHT. If there is any test of a hotel or a chop-house that is absolutely final, I think it is that of an early breakfast. To apply it to a hotel or to one's home means that notice was given the night before, but to test a restaurant in this way means finding out whether the few who make application without giving notice are considered worth the trouble of an early opening and polite attention. Mr. Webb's success as a caterer is doubtless owing to his attention to such details. Many men in Toronto, much less able to keep their places shut till eight o'clock, think it hardly worth while to bother with the early morning straggler, but in the end all these things count and have much to do with the success of a business.

It is odd how little we know about our own

hotel than in a dozen badly kept rooms in a house of their own.

Has the big hotel project entirely faded out of sight? This is the age of centralization, co-operation and departmental stores, and it is also the age of large hotels where small families can live during the winter months with less worry and more comfort than in houses of their own. In the summer time they can go to watering-places or camp up the lakes or in the woods, and thus get a good deal more out of life than those who make drudges of themselves, cooking and stewing and cleaning house, having rows with servants and too frequently with one another. During the months when families leave hotels, tourists take their places, and these large institutions, after they are once established, can tell almost to a certainty how many people they will have to provide for, and can do it for the minimum of cost. High prices are only the result of wastefulness on the part of the guests and the extravagance of the management. There is just as much reason for believing that a large hotel of this sort would pay in Toronto as that large departmental stores are paying here now. Ten years ago there was no faith in either. It has been demonstrated that Toronto is large enough for several big stores, and it only needs the erection of a large and properly equipped hotel to prove that it also can make money. Of one thing we

dozen men thoroughly well adapted for public life, who could not be persuaded to become candidates for Parliament. Many of them have been induced to try to do some good thing for the community, and have met with nothing but ridicule and defeat. Practical politicians say these men are of the wrong temperament. What is the right temperament to qualify a man for parliamentary life? At the outset we are told he must not have a lofty notion of himself. Having lofty ideas is exactly what we want, and if a man have a lofty idea of honor he would certainly adorn our legislative circles. A lofty idea of Canada's future would make impossible many of the silly speeches that are made, but if a man has these "notions," practical politicians generally construe them as meaning nothing but conceit, egotism, and stubbornness and—well, the wrong temperament.

It has become the policy of SATURDAY NIGHT to avoid, as far as possible, the discussion of political questions. Yet no Canadian paper which is used as SATURDAY NIGHT is, as a letter to friends, would be complete without some reference to remedial legislation. Without doubt the bill introduced into the Federal Parliament is the most infernal mixture of ignorance, venality and asinine folly that a representative body has ever been asked to father. Bred and educated amongst Roman Catholics

graphy, are palpable fakes. The evidences of retouching are plain to the eye of the photographer in some of them, while others are absurd and altogether speculative fakes. Another week or two will enable the reader to know whether the kodak fad of the future will really be able to photograph your skeleton as you walk along the street. So much has been done already that I think the kodak will do this ere long and knock all the poetry out of life, unless we devise a new style of metallic or glass underwear.

MACK.

Social and Personal.



THE opening of the Remington Cycle School on Saturday was an interesting event to a lot of smart people who are either contemplating a course of instruction, or are already adept. The Italian orchestra played some sweet music and an exhibition of trick riding was given by some clever local cyclists. People dropped in from time to time, and many exclamations of admiration greeted the inspection of the beautiful wheels on view and the general arrangements of the Riding Academy.

The annual ball of the Toronto Athletic Club was the crowning success of very energetic and judicious management, and the Committee smiled serenely on the immense crowd of guests who filled to overflowing the spacious building. If, as I remarked last week, the attendance of the people is the criterion by which to judge success or failure, the Athletic ball was the most successful of the year, both as regards quantity and quality. The opening quadrille, which was danced at a quarter past nine, a rather early hour, was so advanced to allow Mrs. Kirkpatrick time to leave for a short hour at a reception of Members by Sir Oliver Mowat, before the night waxed too late. The quadrille of honor was danced as follows: The president of the Athletic Club, Hon. J. B. Robinson, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, *vis-à-vis* with Professor Goldwin Smith and the president of the ladies' committee, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mr. Charles Nelson and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Jack Massey and Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mr. J. Henderson and Mrs. C. H. Nelson, Mr. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Massey, Mr. J. F. Edgar and Miss Fitzgerald, the secretary of the Athletic Club, Mr. Matthews, and Mrs. Palmer. D'Alesandro had a largely augmented orchestra in the musicians' gallery and their music was most delightful, as was remarked by everyone, some of the military schottisches and two-steps being remarkably well played. Supper was served, as it can so well be, in the elegant dining-hall of the Club, and the members' reading-room was also utilized. The Athletic is first in comfort and convenience when it comes to supper-hour, and people do not fail to appreciate the fact. The comfort of the Patronesses was studied in the *salle de danse*, and a cosy little nook in the turret was carpeted and arranged as a slightly raised dais, with many capacious arm-chairs and draperies, for their use. There one might see many handsome women looking down upon the moving throng of dancers, and being themselves much admired in their turn. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, radiant and charming, in a gown of white satin brocade with a dainty bodice of heliotrope *chiffon*, and diamonds sparkling to rival her bright eyes; Mrs. Goldwin Smith, in lavender brocade and lace, with kindly greeting and smiles for the guests of the Club, to which she has been a veritable fairy godmother; Miss Crooks, in a rich black satin gown, which exactly suited her; Mrs. Walter S. Lee, a gracious and handsome lady president in fawn brocade and velvet; Mrs. Forsyth Grant, in a smart little gown of red *chiffon*, which was admirably becoming; Mrs. John L. Davidson, in black velvet and lace, with diamonds; Mrs. Sandham wore black with French roses in bodice and *coiffure*; Mrs. Gooderham of Wavenny wore heliotrope brocade and satin; Mrs. Elmsley black, with dark green velvet and jet; Mrs. Strachan Cox wore a delicate gown of brocaded satin; Mrs. Carruthers was in black faille and jet and looked very well; Mrs. Palmer wore a handsome gown of mauve; Mrs. Nelson was very bright and pretty in shell pink; Mrs. Arthur Vaughan wore black with trimmings of robin egg blue; Mrs. Harry Wright, always a handsome young matron, was beautifully gowned in white; Mrs. Harry Walker wore white silk; Mrs. Suydam wore black with petunia velvet; Mrs. Irving Cameron was also in black with pampas and touches of white lace; Mrs. Galbraith looked very pretty in a dainty little black gown, with trimmings of transparent folds; Mrs. R. B. Hamilton wore black silk and lace; Mrs. Phillips wore a very smart gown of striped brocade in black and heliotrope. As to the girls, they were in their usual bright and dainty frocks, and looked as they always are, the prettiest creatures imaginable. A few whom I noticed in the great crowd were: Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Hughes, Miss Elmsley, Miss Louie Janes, in a white satiny gown; Miss Dawson, in shell pink *faute*; Miss Gzowski, Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Seymour, Miss Mollie Palmer, Miss McConnell, Miss Taylor, the Misses Palin, Miss Gooderham of Wavenny, Miss Mattie Lee, Miss Evelyn Cox, the Misses Coldham, the Misses Fitzgerald, Miss Houston, the Misses Michie, the Misses Lee, Miss Montzambert, the Misses Phillips, Miss Brock, Miss Rowan, Miss Sloan, Miss Irwin, Miss Tackaberry, Miss Carrie Smith, Miss Webb, and a contingent of men that was amazing.

Society was exceedingly well represented at the Male Chorus Club concert on Thursday week. Mr. Tripp has quite a good showing of young society men in his chorus, and their influence was distinctly shown in the stalls and galleries, where smart gowns worn by smart people were numerous, and where much enthusiasm was evident.



The Forbidden Book.

From Pick-Me-Up.

siasm was shown, principally in the reception of the two male soloists, Plunket Greene, with his rolling r's, his long legs and his grace of bearing and gift of song, and Herr Ruth, who played some masterly cello solos. I particularly admired Mr. Plunket Greene when he was not singing, but waiting in most charming deference to his accompanist, neither looking at his audience nor apparently thinking of anything but the few last notes struck after the song was finished. His attitude, with head slightly turned towards the piano, whether studied or instinctively courteous, had a serious influence on an audience ready to break into applause. They listened also to the few chords played at the end of the song, and never a clapping rent the waiting air until Mr. Dinelli had finished. There is an art in exits and entrances which many an artist has never mastered. It is one of the gracious little things which appeal to the observant critic. We all hope, with some promise, that Mr. Plunket Greene will come again and give us once more the reverent Litanei, the wonderful Calling the Cattle Home and the pathetic heart-weary Oh This Love, This Love.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald gave a progressive eucne on Tuesday evening last.

Miss Gertrude Elmsley is visiting friends in Buffalo, and attends the grand Charity Ball on Monday in that city.

Mrs. Trow gives a tea next Wednesday afternoon.

Trinity Conversat., is another name for an evening unique in society's list of engagements. Nowhere else does one get the precise flavor, either in pleasure or drinks, as at dear old Trinity. There are good stories told, fragrant loving-cups concocted, beautiful flirtations carried on undisturbed, for what chaperone, however watchful, can fathom the devious ways of Trinity corridors and the idiosyncrasies of Trinity students? One may charge down endless vistas of polished floor and wainscot, peer into corners, lift up draperies and push open doors in search of the Woman in Blue and her partner in mischief, but you won't find her. There are a dozen alcoves and a hundred corners you never saw, and she and he were under your nose a dozen times! No wonder young people long for the academic card with its red crest and lettering, and no wonder they come swarming into the dim halls and pack themselves into the entrance to Convocation Hall. It is a common thing to hear a maid avow that she enjoyed above all things the Trinity conversat., and to hear a chorus of voices answer: "Why, I never *saw* you!" And then the naughty maiden blushes if she was of the sitting-out class, or looks volumes if the others were the unconsciously betrayed delinquents. So it is, and was, and ever shall be, while girls are girls and boys are Trinity students. The well known hospitality which attracts those who know the ropes, or have friends to initiate them, reigned in the various quarters of professors and students. By the way, congratulations were in order to the new Provost, who was presented by Mrs. Welch with a small son last Monday. Dean Rigby had his charming little reception. Mr. Carter Troope was also *en ménage*. Professor Huntingford was invaded by many old friends, and the famous loving-cups were duly passed from guest to guest. A very dainty *petit souper* was set in the pretty little drawing-room, and Isaac the bull-dog, sat on guard in the ante-room and scared me nearly out of my wits and several rungs up the fire escape. Many of the students had catered for their friends, and their rooms were open to the guests the long night through. Mr. Osborne's den was particularly popular. The committee went to a vast amount of trouble over the decorations, and red and black was everywhere. The halls were divided here and there by curtains, and carpets were laid over the boards. Two orchestras played for dancing, as usual, and the concert which always begins the evening was held in the gymnasium. The supper-room in the refectory was constantly filled and refilled, and the arrangements there were better than usual. This year, one did not knock on the oaken door of the room in the east wing in vain, for the well known cry "come in" followed every rat-tat, and the Professor and Mrs. Clark were kept busy the long evening through. It was indeed very late when the last "come in" was said and the genial host and his kind helpers were at liberty to turn out the lights.

A beauty dinner was given by Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn on Monday evening to a *covertie* of young people in the smart set.

The dance given by the gentlemen of the Riding and Driving Club in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening was an event remarkable for good management and completeness in every detail calculated to ensure the happiness of their fair guests. The invitations were limited, only about a hundred people being present. All that ingenuity could do, and unstinted trouble accomplish, was done, and those who complained that St. George's Hall had not the requisite capacity in sitting-out places

was necessary for the happiness of the social *dilettant*, underestimated the fact, when the proper people had the direction of affairs. Nooks and corners abounded, and the softened glow from pink-shaded lights fell on many a *tete-à-tête*. Chaperones and maids looked their best under such gracious auspices, and I am told that the proud distinction of belle should be given to a fair visitor whose charming presence has lent interest to many smart functions recently.

The Ramblers' Cycling Club give an At Home next Friday evening in the Confederation Life parlors.

Among those whom I noted at the concert on Tuesday were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra and Miss Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. George T. Blackstock, Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mrs. DuMoulin, Mr. and Miss DuMoulin, the Misses Taylor of Florsheim, Mr. Bourlier and Mr. Brotherhood of Stratford, Mr. Sam Nordheimer and party, Mr. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Humphreys and couple of students from the Whitby Ladies' College. All the musicians in town seemed to be there, and the air was full of enthusiasm generally. All the boxes were occupied, and perhaps it is not amiss to compliment the Massey Music Hall on having the most comfortably arranged boxes I have occupied in Canada.

A progressive eucne party was given on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Kerland of Hawthorn avenue, Rosedale. On Friday evening Dr. and Mrs. Kerland gave a progressive which was vastly enjoyable.

On Tuesday Miss Lotta G. E. Warner and Mr. Ferdinand Rockwell were married at the Eastern Methodist church, Napanee, Rev. Dr. McDiarmid officiating. Miss Howson of Toronto was bridesmaid, and Dr. Warner, brother of the bride, and a Toronto medico, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell went to Halifax for a wedding trip.

The tea given Thursday afternoon of last week by Mrs. F. G. Clarke of Maitland street was largely attended notwithstanding the rain. She was assisted by her cousin, Miss Starr of Halifax, N.S., who is visiting Mrs. Clarke for a few weeks.

Miss Tuck, daughter of Judge Tuck of St. John, N.B., is spending a few weeks in town, the guest of Mrs. Donald McDermid of Avenue road.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay left for New York City on Thursday last to fill a series of engagements. Miss Ramsay will return to Toronto to take part in the Canadian Order of Foresters' concert on March 5.

Mrs. F. B. Lund and little daughter Rita, from New York, are the guests of Mrs. F. J. Phillips of Queen's Park.

The French Club will meet on Saturday, Feb. 22, at the residence of Mrs. S. G. Beatty, 168 Isabella street.

Mr. J. N. Sutherland, general freight agent of the C. P. R., who has been sent from Toronto to St. John, N.B., entertained a large party of friends at his home, 12 Grenville street, on Saturday evening. Everyone who knows this genial gentleman expresses regret at his departure and sends best wishes after him for future prosperity.

Mrs. Y. E. Marden of Winnipeg is the guest of her father, Rev. S. Kapelle, 6 Collier street.

After a charming dinner at Yeadon Hall the other evening, Mrs. Webster played most delightfully for the dinner guests and a number of young people who had been asked in for the evening. The same clever artist played for the French Club at their reunion last Saturday evening.

The first of the series "Afternoons with some of Shakespeare's heroines," will be given on Saturday, February 22, at 3:30 p.m., in Convocation Hall, Trinity University, by Rev. Canon Sutherland of Hamilton. The beautiful little card which has been sent out with the Chandos portrait in the corner and the list of lady patrons who have so kindly undertaken to make the readings a success, should bring together a large audience of lovers of Shakespeare. Canon Sutherland has been giving a course in Hamilton. The series at Trinity will conclude after Easter with a Shakespeare drawing-room concert and dance in Convocation Hall; the proceeds will go towards the new St. Hilda's College, which it is hoped will soon be erected.

Miss Leeland of New York, who has been visiting Mrs. Fred Jarvis, returned home on Tuesday. I believe she will shortly make Toronto another visit.

Just out of perversity I should enjoy saying something slighting of the Mendelsohn Choir concert. From early dawn to dark the song of praise has gone up regarding the delightful treat we had on Tuesday evening. Such a per-

fect programme seldom is set before a Toronto audience. And by the way, the programme in its literal sense was a thing of beauty and use, for as one bad man said, "I wanted to come to this concert, for I am quite out of blotting-paper." The idea of Bain of choosing such soft and noiseless material wherein to print is one of the many little details showing thought and refinement which make for the success of the Mendelsohn Choir's concerts. Then there are no absurd and abominable advertisements sandwiched between the great works of the old masters, and one does not find Tutti-Frutti face to face with Chopin. After the concert on Tuesday the pent-up jubilation of the management and chorus rang up in the ears of the crowd from the basement in three cheers for Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler. There were two good excuses for the shout, first and foremost the peerless playing of the *artiste*, and close behind that the well filled exchequer, which was the result of an unprecedented sale of seats.

An exceedingly pleasant event took place on Wednesday evening, when Miss Maude Hartley, one of our prominent young Torontonians, was united in marriage to Mr. George Thurlow, a well known accountant of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Turnbull, of West Presbyterian church, at the residence of the bride's father, 97 Major street, and was witnessed by a small but select circle of relatives and friends. This is another instance of Uncle Sam's encroaching propensities, and certainly this time he has carried off a prize, while Canada mourns the loss of another of her fair daughters. The happy couple left on the 7.50 train for their new home.

Mrs. William Renwick of Arder, Manitoba, as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Wilson, 66 Sussex avenue, is renewing many old friendships in the city.

Hon. Justice Falconbridge and Mrs. Falconbridge, accompanied by Miss Doherty of Eglington, left Thursday for New York, where Mrs. Falconbridge and Miss Doherty sail on Saturday by steamship *Maastricht* for Paris, *via* Rotterdam.

An At Home was given by Mr. Robert Martin, W.M., and the officers of Rene George, L. O. 791, in Douglas Hall, cor. Bloor and Bathurst streets, on Wednesday evening, February 5, where was spent a very enjoyable evening. Dancing was kept up to an early hour in the morning. About two hundred and fifty were present.

Upper Canada College At Home last Friday evening was a veritable display of our young people's charms. The buds and their young cavaliers were there by hundreds, and the older folk lent some weight to the frothy effervescence of youthful spirits which overflowed on this occasion. It's a long way out to the college, but the welcome and subsequent good time amply repays everyone. A feature of interest was the playing of Mr. Bedford Campbell's Two Step, a clever bit of composition dedicated to Upper Canada College.

The Poudre Ball on Monday is the society event to which everyone now looks forward.

The Octagon Club's Shrove Tuesday hop will be a very enjoyable end to the dancing days before Lent.

The annual assembly given by the gentlemen of Mount Forest, in the opera house, on Wednesday evening, January 15, was a brilliant and most successful affair. Everything had been accomplished which could possibly add to its success. The tastefully arranged decorations, blending with the many bright costumes of the ladies, turned the ball-room into one gay kaleidoscope. The programme, although lengthy, consisted of such taste and variety as to be fully enjoyed by the seventy-five couples who danced it to an end. A *recherche* supper, which brought forth many nice comments from the guests, was served in the Council Chamber at midnight. The committee deserve the highest praise for the manner in which everything was conducted, and for their untiring efforts to provide their guests with every pleasure.

Among the many charming At Homes held by the social people of Stayner, Ont., none can be counted more successful than that given Thursday evening of last week by Miss Annie Nicol, daughter of Mr. Alex. Nicol, merchant of that town. Although a perfect blizzard was raging, the guests turned out in large numbers, thus showing the popularity and esteem in which the young hostess is held. A short musical programme was followed by progressive pedro, after which dancing was indulged in until an early hour. Among those present were: Misses Grimshaw, Bethune, Hill, Gregory, McLeod, M. and F. Perkins, Dickson, McLean, Brankly, Hannah, Saunders, Crew, Carleton, Woods, and Messrs. Hisey, Saunders, Birkholder, Palmer, Petrie, Perkins, A. and H. Jukeway, McEachren, Shepherd, Gregory, Hill, Bethune, Grimshaw, McLeod, and Verrall.

Invitation cards are now out for the Tourist Cycle Club's dramatic performance and At Home in St. George's Hall on Tuesday, February 18. The card is a very pretty one, in the design of a wheel inlaid with the colors and crest of the Club. The committee intend making this the distinct social event of the season among wheelmen. The best of music, the prettiest of decorations, and the best of refreshments will be supplied, and everything will be done to make all guests of this popular cycling club at home. The secretary is Mr. Jerry Burns, 71½ Shuter street.

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Social and Personal.

His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will not receive on Ash Wednesday, but the usual receptions will be held on other Wednesdays during the Lenten season.

On Monday Rev. G. Macbeth-Milligan left for Kingston to attend a Presbyterian Conference. Miss Macbeth-Milligan took her departure for the Limestone City on Tuesday, on a visit to Mrs. Jack Strange.

On Saturday Miss Chrissie Steen, one of the brightest of University's students, gave a pretty tea at her mother's home on Carlton street to a number of her classmates. Judging by the merry and happy atmosphere which was noticeable, the young ladies, even amid the 'ologies and 'isms, preserve intact their capacity for fun and enjoyment. The pretty Lamont sisters and their cousin, bright Miss Donna, had charge of the *buffet*, where many dainties were temptingly set out. Mrs. George Shaw and one or two other ladies assisted at the tea urn and ice cream table. The decorations were pink and very prettily done.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beatty left last week for Bermuda, where they will remain until the end of March.

Quite a number of smart people sail for the Old Country next month.

Mrs. Hills gives a Shrove Tuesday tea at her residence, 145 Bloor street east.

Mrs. E. J. Lennox gives an afternoon reception to-day at her home, 487 Sherbourne street. This now strikingly handsome residence will then receive its housewarming, and will not be recognized since its remodeling last season, which has transformed it from an ordinary brown stone front to one of the smartest residences on the East Side, with a hostess in every way fitted to grace it with her charming hospitality.

Mrs. Stephen Haas gives a matinee euchre, as they are known on the other side, to a number of lady friends on *Mardi Gras*.

Mrs. Elwood, whose trying illness has given much anxiety to her family and friends, is now slowly regaining strength, and was able to come downstairs for a few moments on Tuesday. Mrs. Worthington of Chicago recently paid a short visit to Toronto, bringing over the small daughter, whose advent caused such rejoicings last year. Mrs. Bendelari, who has been so long an invalid, is looking very well, and it seems as if there may be a respite to the long siege of illness which has so tried the various members of the Worthington family and their anxious friends.

Mrs. Jarvis, whose spacious and handsome drawing-rooms are admirably adapted for a reception, was at Home last Monday afternoon to a large number of ladies. That the proverbial crush was not endured was owing to the consideration of the hostess, who, denying the prompting of a generous and hospitable heart, asked only enough people to comfortably fill her rooms. Consequently pleasant converse and even some rational attempts at conversation were possible, and people felt none of the wreath of nerve and loss of repose which are the usual following of the fashionable five o'clock crush. Mrs. Jarvis wore a very handsome reception gown of black and white, and a most becoming cap with *bridles* of tulle, having quite *fair duchesse*, and being most cordial and gracious in her welcome. Mrs. Edmund Jarvis, Mrs. Frederick Jarvis and her guest, Miss Leeland of New York, whose beautiful gown of pale satin brocade was very much admired, assisted at the refreshment table, which was plentifully set with the fashionable fare. I heard a pretty little lady confessing that the rock punch was unusually tempting. The flowers chosen were jonquils, yellow and cheery as the sun, and effectively massed with green. Among the ladies I noticed were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in a gown of black and white, with bodice of folded white lace and tiny bands of passementerie, in which she looked very handsome; Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. Biddle, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Miss Mary O'Hara, Mrs. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Mrs. Duncan Coulson, Mrs. Sutherland Stayner, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. (Justice) Harrison, Miss Garrison, the Misses Jarvis, Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. and Miss Mortimer Clark.

Mrs. Columbus Greene has been laid up with an attack of grippe. This old-time nuisance of a complaint has indeed broken out in various quarters, and several people one misses are here.

I hear of an approaching marriage on the East Side, fixed, I believe, for the middle of next week, which will particularly interest the friends of a bright and charming songstress, whose gifts have been a source of happiness to her many friends.

It was at a large reception; the *buffet*, groaning with good things, was crowded. The young person surveyed the array, and, turning to the crowd, thus addressed a distant fair one: "Really, I don't see *anything* here I could recommend. Shall I try and find you a *meringue*?" The tone of cool impertinence cannot be put on paper, but one can perhaps imagine the robust voice of a neighboring cavalier who, also turning to the crowd, remarked: "I thought the only donkey capable of that piece of cheek was out of town."

A reception was given by the Faculty at Moulton College on St. Valentine's Day, from half past four to seven o'clock.

Eastlawn was bright with many lights and resonant with music of voice and laughter on Saturday afternoon, when Mrs. Ferguson received. This is a home with an atmosphere of kindness and comfort to which the visitor must respond or be veritable misanthrope. There were none such welcomed at Eastlawn on Saturday, and I have seldom seen a pleasant tea. Mrs. Ferguson received in the east parlor, and was assisted by her sister and her three daughters. The hostess wore a beautiful gown of ruby silk and brocade, and went through the

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order of handshaking hundreds of times with unfailing cordiality. Though the drawing-rooms at Eastlawn are mammoth in proportion, the dining-room is apt to be crowded, and people packed in solid ranks about the generous *buffet*, in an appalling way. There were so many men, however, that the scene was forever changing, for you may remark that while a small woman will remain quietly suffocating (with only a chance to peer at the chandelier between her larger neighbors' voluminous sleeves) for a good half-hour, in a tenth of that time a man, small or large, has begun to struggle for freedom, and manages to escape in short order out of the crowd. To tell who were at Eastlawn on Saturday would be to compile a very respectably sized society directory, which space forbids. The favorite February flower, the jonquil, was beaming in its golden effulgence from various vantage points, and one of the most successful functions of the season was that of Saturday last, to which people came from every quarter of the city, both near and distant.

One of the most delicately beautiful faces seen at several recent dances is that of Mrs. Morang (*over Heaven*), whose slender, graceful figure is crowned by a face recalling the *spirituelle* loveliness of some dark-eyed Madonna, and over which I have lately heard some quite comprehensible ecstasies.

The tea was nearly over when a belated woman hurried into the hall and dashed up to the tired hostess with a half formed apology on her tongue's tip. "Oh, *good-bye*," said the latter with galvanic effusion. "I've been trying to get a word with you all the afternoon; so sorry you must go. *Good-bye*." For a moment the late-comer gasped, then meeting the suppressed smiles of a crowd really coming to make their adieux, she cast a wild glance into the deserted parlors and fled into the night.

The opening of Parliament took place on Tuesday afternoon, and the usual throng packed themselves into the great hall where laws are made that they may be broken. His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick arrived, as usual, on the stroke of the clock, with that considerate punctuality which has passed into a proverb. The aides were Commander Law and Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick, who wore the Queen's Own uniform. Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski, aide-de-camp to the Queen, stood on the right hand of the throne, a handsome and venerable soldier in his scarlet, whose advancing years sit lightly upon him, and who holds a large place in the affectionate regard of everyone. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in a ball gown of black and white, with lace *applique* and a modest little *coiffure* of black velvet bows clasped with diamonds, looked handsome, and greeted her friends and those who had the honor of an introduction with the winning smile and hand-clasp which are warranted to reduce to more or less submissive admiration the veriest misanthrope. Miss Kirkpatrick, also *en grande toilette*, accompanied her. Handsome Mr. Harty from King-store and various dubious-looking new Members were led up, like burglars by minions of the law, and introduced by their sponsors to the Speaker. In spite of Patron principles, could not a black coat be bought or hired for this ceremony by the Members from way-back? Such a gash would take from the suggestion of custody for a first offence, conveyed by the appearance of the new Member being led forward between two individuals to the foot of the throne. The subsequent shake-hands with the Speaker hardly proves an alibi. On the floor of the House, within the enclosure reserved for the wives of the members of the Cabinet, were Lady Gzowski, in a rich and unobtrusive gown and pretty cap such as are always the choice of her little ladyship; her daughter, Mrs. Sandham, in a pink *demi-toilette*; Mrs. Sweatman,

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who accompanied his Lordship the Bishop; Mrs. Hardy, whose pretty gray hair and bright face were becomingly set off by a handsome pink gown; Mrs. G. W. Ross, in a quiet gown and bonnet of dark petticoat; Mrs. Gibson, in a black silk and white lace dinner gown; Miss Mowat, in a deep yellow gown, and several other ladies. There were some pretty toilettes worn by the ladies who occupied the Members' seats for the function, and the uniforms of the various officers of the escort, with the consuls' decorations and uniforms, lent tone to the *mise en scene*. In the evening the usual state dinner was held at Government House.

Mr. Perceval Ridout has been again elected president of St. George's Society, and though unwilling to accept the office owing to a contemplated absence of some months in Europe, has been prevailed upon to do so.

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CHAPTER VII.

AT THE TOP OF THE FASHION.

Nothing could have been more cordial than Lady Fareham's welcome to her sister, nor were it easy to imagine a life more delightful than the life at Chilton Abbey in that autumnal season, when every stage of the decaying year clothed itself with a variety and brilliancy of coloring which made ruin beautiful, and disguised the approach of winter, as a court haridan might hide age and wrinkles under a yellow satin mask and a flame colored domino.

The Abbey was one of those capacious, irregular buildings in which all that a house was in the past and that it is in the present are composed into a harmonious whole, and in which past and present are so cunningly interwoven that it would have been difficult for anyone but an architect to distinguish where the improvements and additions of yesterday were grafted on to the masonry of the fourteenth century.

Here where the spacious plate-room and pantry began there were walls massive enough for the immuring of refractory nuns, and this cork-screw Jacobean staircase, which wound with carved balusters up to the garret storey, had its foundations in a flight of cyclopean stone steps that descended to the cellars, where the monks kept their strong liquors and brewed their beer.

Half of my lady's drawing-room had been the refectory, and the long dining parlor still showed the groined roof of an ancient cloister, while the music-room into which it opened had been designed by Inigo Jones, and built by the last Lord Fareham.

To Angela the change from an enclosed convent to such a house as Chilton Abbey, was a change that filled all her days with wonder. The splendor, the air of careless luxury that pervaded her sister's house, and suggested costliness and waste in every detail, could but be distressing to the pupil of Flemish nuns, who had seen even the trenchers scraped off to make soup for the poor, and every morsel of bread garnished as if it were gold dust. From that sparse fare of the convent to this Rabelaisian plenty, this plethora of meat and poultry, huge game pies and elaborate confectionery, this perpetual too much of everything, was a transition that startled and shocked her.

It sickened Angela to see the long dining-table loaded, day after day, with dishes that were many of them left untouched amidst the superabundance, while the massive Cromwellian sideboard seemed to need all the thickness of its gouty legs to sustain the "regalins" of hams and tongues, pasties, salads and jellies. And all this time the *Weekly Gazette* from London told of the unexampled distress in that afflicted city, which was but the natural result of an epidemic that had driven all the well-to-do away, and left neither trade nor employment for the lower classes.

"What becomes of that mountain of food?" Angela asked her sister, after her second dinner at Chilton, by which time she and Hyacinth had become familiar and at ease with each other.

"Is it given to the poor?"

"Oh, sister, it is dreadful to think of such a troop. I am always meeting strange faces. How many servants have you?"

"I have never reckoned them. Manningtree knows, no doubt; for his wages book would tell him. I take it there may be more than fifty, and less than a hundred. Anyhow, we could not exist were they fewer."

"More than fifty people to wait upon four!"

"For our state and importance, *here*, we are very ill-served upon. I nearly died last week before I could get anyone to bring me my afternoon chocolate. The men had all rushed off to a bull-baiting, and the women were romping or fighting in the laundry, except my own women, who are too genteel to play with the under-servants, and had taken a holiday to go and see a tragedy at Oxford. I found myself in a deserted house. I might have been burnt alive, or have expired in a fit for aught any of those over-fed devils cared."

"But could they not be better regulated?"

"They are when Manningtree is at home. He has them all under his thumb."

"And is he an honest, conscientious man?"

"Who knows? I dare say he robs us, and takes a *pot de vin* wherever 'tis offered. But it is better to be robbed by one than by an army, and if Manningtree keeps others from cheating he is worth his wages."

There were musicians in her ladyship's household—youths who played lute and viol, and sang the dainty meaningless songs of the latest ballad-mongers very prettily. The warm weather, which had a bad effect upon the bills of mortality, was so far advantageous that it allowed these gentlemen to sing in the garden while the family were at supper, or on the river while the family were taking their evening airing. Their newest performance was an air—

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arrangement of Lord Dorset's lines—"To all you ladies now on land," set as a round. There could scarcely be anything prettier than the dying fall of the refrain that ended every verse—

"With a fa, la, la.
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or stir your fan.

With a fa, la, la."

The last lines died away in the distance of the moonlit garden, as the singers slowly retired, while Henri de Malfort illustrated that final couplet with Hyacinth's fan, as he sat beside her.

"Music, and moonlight, and a garden. You might fancy yourself amidst the grottoes and terraces of Saint Germain."

"I note that whenever there is anything meritorious in our English life, Malfort is reminded of France, and when he discovers any obnoxious feature in our manners or habits, he expatiates on the vast difference between the two nations," said his lordship.

"Dear Fareham, I am a human being. When I am in England I remember all I loved in my own country. I must return to it before I shall understand the worth of all I leave here, and the understanding may be bitter. Call your singers back, and let us have those two last verses again. 'Tis a fine tune, and your fellows perform it with sweetness and brio."

The song was new. The victory which it celebrated was fresh in the minds of men. The disgrace of later Dutch experiences—the ships in the Nore, ravaging and insulting—was yet to come. England still believed her floating castles invincible.

To Angela's mind, the life at Chilton was full of change and joyous expectancy. No hour of the day but offered some variety of recreation, from battledore and shuttlecock in the pleasure-ground to long days with the hounds or the hawks. Angela learnt to ride in less than a month, instructed by the stud-groom, a gentleman of considerable importance in the household; an old campaigner, who had groomed Fareham's horses after many a battle, and many a skirmish, and had suffered scant food and rough quarters without murmuring; and also with considerable assistance and counsel from Lord Fareham, and occasional lectures from Papillon, who was a Diana at ten years old, and rode with her father in the first flight. Angela was soon equal to accompanying her sister in the hunting-field, for Hyacinth was following the chase after the French, rather than the English fashion, affecting no ruder sport than to wait at an opening of the wood, or on the crest of a common to see hounds and riders sweep by; or favored by chance now and then, to signal the villain's whereabouts by a lace handkerchief waved high above her head. This was how a beautiful lady who had hunted in the forests of Saint Germain and Fontainebleau understood sport, and such performance as this Angela found easy and agreeable. They had many cavaliers who came to talk with them for a few minutes, to tell them what was doing or not doing yonder where the hounds were hidden in thicket or coppice; but Henri de Malfort was the most constant attendant. He rarely left them and dawdled through the earlier half of an October day, walking his horse from point to point, or dismounting at sheltered corners to stand and talk at Lady Fareham's side, with a patience that made Angela wonder at the contrast between English headlong eagerness, crashing and splashing through hedge and brook, and French indifference.

"Nay, if she wants to disgust them with painted faces she has but to show her own."

"I grant she lays the stuff on badly. I hope, if I live to have as many wrinkles, I shall fill them better than she does. Yet, who can tell what a hideous toad she might be in her natural skin? It may be Christian charity that induces her to paint, and so to spare us the sight of a monstrosity. She will make thee a beauty, Ange, be sure of that. For satin or velvet, birthday or gala gowns, nobody can beat her. The wretch has had thousands of my money, so I ought to know."

Angela could not be in her sister's company for a month without discovering that Lady Fareham's whole life was given up to the worship of the trivial. She was kind, she was amiable, generous even to recklessness. She was not irreligious, heard Mass and made her confession as often as the hard conditions of an alien and jealously treated church would allow, had never disputed the truth of any tenet that was taught her—but of serious views, of an earnest consideration of life and death, husband and children, Hyacinth Fareham was as incapable as her ten-year-old daughter. Indeed, it sometimes seemed to Angela that the child had broader and deeper thoughts than the mother, and saw her surroundings with a shrewder and clearer eye, despite the natural frivolity of childhood, and the exuberance of a fine physique.

Hyacinth loved to ring the changes on her sister's name. Angela was too English, and sounded too much like the name of a nun; but Angelique suggested one of the most enchanting personalities in that brilliant circle on which Lady Fareham so often rhapsodized. This was the beautiful Angelique Paulet, whose father invented the tax called by his name, La Paulette—a financial measure which was the main cause of the first Fronde war.

"I only knew her when she was between fifty and sixty," said Lady Fareham, "but she hardly looked forty, and she was still handsome in spite of her red hair. *Trop belle*, her admirers called it; but, my love, it was as red as that scullion's we saw in the poultry-yard yesterday. She was a reigning beauty at three courts, and had a crowd of admirers when she was only fourteen. Ah, Papillon, you may open your eyes! What will you be at fourteen? Still playing with your babies, or mad about your shock dogs, I dare swear!"

"I gave my babies to the housekeeper's granddaughter last year," said Papillon, much offended, "when father gave me the peregrine. I only care for live things now I am old."

"And at fourteen thou wilt be an awkward, long-legged wench that will frighten away all my admirers, yet not be worth the trouble of a compliment on thine own account."

"I want no such stuff!" cried Papillon. "Do you think I would like a French fop always at my elbow as Monsieur de Malfort is even at yours? I love hunting and hawking, and a man that can ride and shoot, and row, and fight, like father or Sir Denzil Warner—not a man who thinks more of his ribbons and periwig and cannon sleeves than of killing his fox or flying his falcon."

"Oh, my lady, I catch your ladyship's meaning, and your ladyship's instructions shall be carried out as far as can be without making a savage of the young lady. I know what some young ladies are, when they first come to court. I had fuss enough with Miss Hamilton before I could persuade her to have her bodice cut like that the right cut for a boom! Udsbnd, woman, you haven't made the curve half deep enough." And with my Lady Chesterfield it is.

"Sure, if they say my legs are thick and ugly, I'll let them know my shoulders are worth looking at. Give me your scissors, creature, and then with her own delicate hands she will scoop me a good inch off the satin, till I am fit to swoon at seeing the cold steel against her milk-white flesh."

Mrs. Lewin talked with but little interruption for the best part of an hour, while exhibiting the ready-made wares she had brought, the greater number of which Hyacinth insisted on buying for Angela—who was horrified at the slanders innuendoes that dropped in casual abundance from the painted lips of the milliner; horrified, too, that her sister could loll back in her armchair and laugh at the woman's coarse and malignant talk.

"Indeed, sister, you are far too generous, and you have overpowered me with gifts," she said, when the milliner had curtseied herself out of the room; "for I fear my own income will never pay for all these costly things. Three pounds, I think she said, was the price of the Mazarine hood alone—and there are stockings and gloves innumerable."

"Mon Ange, while you are with me your own income is but for charities and vails. I will have it spent for nothing else. You know how rich the Marquis has made me—while I believe Fareham is a kind of modern Cresus, though we do not boast of his wealth, for all that is most substantial in his fortune comes from his mother, whose father was a great merchant trading with Spain and the Indies, all through James's reign, and luckier in the hunt for gold than poor Raleigh. Never must you talk to me of obligation. Are we not sisters, and was it not a mere accident that made me the elder, and Madame de Montrond's *protégée*?"

"The song was new. The victory which it celebrated was fresh in the minds of men. The disgrace of later Dutch experiences—the ships in the Nore, ravaging and insulting—was yet to come. England still believed her floating castles invincible.

The song was new. The victory which it celebrated was fresh in the minds of men. The disgrace of later Dutch experiences—the ships in the Nore, ravaging and insulting—was yet to come. England still believed her floating castles invincible.

"Nay, I believe the country will always please me better than the town. But, sister, do you not hate that Mrs. Lewin—that horrid painted face and evil tongue?"

"My dearest child, one hates a milliner for the spoiling of a bodice or the ill cut of a sleeve—not for her character. I believe Mrs. Lewin's is among the worst, and that she has had as many intrigues as Lady Castlemaine. As for her painting, doubtless she does that to remind her customers that she sells alabaster powder and ceruse."

"Nay, if she wants to disgust them with painted faces she has but to show her own."

"I grant she lays the stuff on badly. I hope, if I live to have as many wrinkles, I shall fill them better than she does. Yet, who can tell what a hideous toad she might be in her natural skin? It may be Christian charity that induces her to paint, and so to spare us the sight of a monstrosity. She will make thee a beauty, Ange, be sure of that. For satin or velvet, birthday or gala gowns, nobody can beat her. The wretch has had thousands of my money, so I ought to know."

Angela could not be in her sister's company for a month without discovering that Lady Fareham's whole life was given up to the worship of the trivial. She was kind, she was amiable, generous even to recklessness. She was not irreligious, heard Mass and made her confession as often as the hard conditions of an alien and jealously treated church would allow, had never disputed the truth of any tenet that was taught her—but of serious views, of an earnest consideration of life and death, husband and children, Hyacinth Fareham was as incapable as her ten-year-old daughter. Indeed, it sometimes seemed to Angela that the child had broader and deeper thoughts than the mother, and saw her surroundings with a shrewder and clearer eye, despite the natural frivolity of childhood, and the exuberance of a fine physique.

Hyacinth loved to ring the changes on her sister's name. Angela was too English, and sounded too much like the name of a nun; but Angelique suggested one of the most enchanting personalities in that brilliant circle on which Lady Fareham so often rhapsodized. This was the beautiful Angelique Paulet, whose father invented the tax called by his name, La Paulette—a financial measure which was the main cause of the first Fronde war.

"I only knew her when she was between fifty and sixty," said Lady Fareham, "but she hardly looked forty, and she was still handsome in spite of her red hair. *Trop belle*, her admirers called it; but, my love, it was as red as that scullion's we saw in the poultry-yard yesterday. She was a reigning beauty at three courts, and had a crowd of admirers when she was only fourteen. Ah, Papillon, you may open your eyes! What will you be at fourteen? Still playing with your babies, or mad about your shock dogs, I dare swear!"

"I gave my babies to the housekeeper's granddaughter last year," said Papillon, much offended, "when father gave me the peregrine. I only care for live things now I am old."

"And at fourteen thou wilt be an awkward, long-legged wench that will frighten away all my admirers, yet not be worth the trouble of a compliment on thine own account."

"I want no such stuff!" cried Papillon. "Do you think I would like a French fop always at my elbow as Monsieur de Malfort is even at yours? I love hunting and hawking, and a man that can ride and shoot, and row, and fight, like father or Sir Denzil Warner—not a man who thinks more of his ribbons and periwig and cannon sleeves than of killing his fox or flying his falcon."

"Oh, my lady, I catch your ladyship's meaning, and your ladyship's instructions shall be carried out as far as can be without making a savage of the young lady. I know what some young ladies are, when they first come to court. I had fuss enough with Miss Hamilton before I could persuade her to have her bodice cut like that the right cut for a boom! Udsbnd, woman, you haven't made the curve half deep enough." And with my Lady Chesterfield it is.

"Sure, if they say my legs are thick and ugly, I'll let them know my shoulders are worth looking at. Give me your scissors, creature, and then with her own delicate hands she will scoop me a good inch off the satin, till I am fit to swoon at seeing the cold steel against her milk-white flesh."

"More than fifty people to wait upon four!"

"For our state and importance, *here*, we are very ill-served upon. I nearly died last week before I could get anyone to bring me my afternoon chocolate. The men had all rushed off to a bull-baiting, and the women were romping or fighting in the laundry, except my own women, who are too genteel to play with the under-servants, and had taken a holiday to go and see a tragedy at Oxford. I found myself in a deserted house. I might have been burnt alive, or have expired in a fit for aught any of those over-fed devils cared."

"But could they not be better regulated?"

"They are when Manningtree is at home. He has them all under his thumb."

"And is he an honest, conscientious man?"

"Who knows? I dare say he robs us, and takes a *pot de vin* wherever 'tis offered. But it is better to be robbed by one than by an army, and if Manningtree keeps others from cheating he is worth his wages."

There were musicians in her ladyship's household—youths who played lute and viol, and sang the dainty meaningless songs of the latest ballad-mongers very prettily. The warm weather, which had a bad effect upon the bills of mortality, was so far advantageous that it allowed these gentlemen to sing in the garden while the family were at supper, or on the river while the family were taking their evening airing. Their newest performance was an air—

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That is Fareham's word. I believe I was born so. But I was telling you about your namesake, Mademoiselle Panlet. She began to reign when Henri was king, and no doubt he was one of her most ardent admirers. Don't look frightened! She was always a model of virtue. Mademoiselle Sencery has devoted pages to painting her perfections under an Oriental alias. She sang, she danced, she talked divinely. She did everything better than everybody else. Priests and bishops praised her. And after changes and losses and troubles, she died far from Paris, a spinster, nearly sixty years old. It was a pauper finish to a life that began in a blaze of glory."

CHAPTER VIII.

SUPERIOR TO FASHION.

At Oxford Angela was so happy as to be presented to Catharine of Braganza, a little dark woman, whose attire still bore some traces of its original Portuguese heaviness; such a dress—clumsy, ugly, infinitely rich and expensive—as one sees in old portraits of Spanish and Netherlandish matrons, in which every elaborate detail of the costly fabric seems to have been devised in the research of ugliness. She saw the king also; met him casually—she walking with her brother-in-law, while Lady Fareham and her friends ran from shop to shop in the High street—in Magdalen College grounds, a group of beauties and a family of spaniels, fawning upon him as he sauntered slowly, or stopped to feed the swans that swam close by the bank, keeping pace with him, and stretching long necks in greedy solicitation.

The loveliest woman Angela had ever seen—tall, built like a goddess—walked on the king's right hand. She carried a hem of broken bread in the satin petticoat which she held up over one white arm, while with her other hand she gave the pieces one by one to the king. Angela saw that as each hunch changed hands the royal fingers touched the lady's tapering finger-tips, and tried to detain them.

Fareham took off his hat, bowed low in a grave and stately salutation, and passed on; but Charles called him back.

"Nay, Fareham, has the world grown so dull that you have nothing to tell us this November morning?"

"Indeed, sir, I fear that my riverside hermitage can afford very little news that could interest your majesty or these ladies."

Fareham waited, hat in hand, grave almost to sullenness. It was not for him to do more than reply to his majesty's remarks, nor could he retire till dismissed.

"You have a strange face at your side, man. Pray introduce the lady!" said the King, smiling at Angela, whose vivid blush was as fresh as Miss Stewart's had been a year or two ago, before she had her first quarrel with Lady Castlemaine, or rode in Grammont's glass coach, or gave her classic profile to embellish the coin of the realm—the "common drudge 'tween man and man."

"I have the honor to present my sister-in-law, Mistress Kirkland, to your majesty."

The King shook hands with Angela in the easiest way, as if he had been mortal.

Welcome to our poor court, Mistress Kirkland. Your father was my father's friend and companion in the evil days. They starved together at Beverley, and rode side by side through the Warwickshire lanes to suffer the insolence of Coventry. I have not forgotten. If I had, I have a monitor yonder to remind me," glancing in the direction of a middle-aged gentleman, stately, and sober of attire, who was walking slowly towards them. "The Chancellor is a living chronicle, and his conversation chiefly consists in reminiscences of events I would rather forget."

His majesty bowed a gracious adieu, yawned, flung another crust to the swans, and sauntered on, the Stewart whispering in his ear, the Castlemaine talking loud to her neighbor, Lady Chesterfield, this latter lady very pretty, very bold and mischievous, newly restored to the Court after exile with her jealous husband at his mansion in Wales.

They were gone; Charles to be button-holed by Lord Clarendon, who waited for him at the end of the walk; the ladies to wander as they pleased till the two o'clock dinner. They were gone, like a dream of beauty and splendor, and Fareham and Angela pursued their walk by the river, gray in the sunless November.

"Well, sister, you have seen the man whom we brought back in a whirlwind of loyalty five years ago, and for whose sake we rebuilt the fabric of monarchical government. Do you think we are much the gainers by that tempest of enthusiasm which blew us home Charles the Second? We had suffered all the trouble of the change to a republic; a life that should have been sacred had been sacrificed to the principles of liberty. While abhorring the regicides, we might have profited by their crime. We might have been a free state to-day, like the United Provinces. Do you think we are better off with a king like Rowley, to amuse himself at the expense of the nation?"

"I detest the idea of a republic."

"England was never better governed than by Cromwell," he continued. "She was tranquil at home and victorious abroad, admired and feared. Mazarin, while pretending to be the faithful friend of Charles, was the obsequious courtier of Oliver. The finest form of government is a limited despotism. See how France prospered under the sagacious tyrant, Louis the Eleventh, under the soldier-statesman, Louis, under pure reason incarnate in Richelieu. Whether you call your tyrant king or protector, minister or president, matters nothing. It is the man and not the institution, the mind and not the machinery that is wanted."

"I d'not know you were a republican, like Sir Denzil Warner."

"I am nothing now I have left off being a soldier. I have no strong opinions about anything. I am a looker-on; and life seems little more real to me than a stage play. Warner is of a different stamp. He is an enthusiast in politics—godson of Hollis—a disciple of Milton's, the son of a Puritan, and a Puritan himself. A fine nature, Angela, allied to a handsome presence."

Sir Denzil Warner was their neighbor at Chilton, and Angela had met him often enough for them to become friends. He had ridden by her side with hawk and hound, had been one of her instructors in English sport, and had sometimes, by an accident, joined her and Henriette in their boating expeditions, and helped

her to perfect herself in the management of a pair of sculls.

"Hyacinth has her fancies about Warner," Fareham said presently, as they strolled along.

There was a significance in his tone that the girl could not mistake, more especially as her sister had not been reticent about those notions to which Fareham alluded.

"Hyacinth has fancies about many things," she said, blushing a little.

Fareham noted the slightness of the blush.

"I verily believe that handsome youth has found you adamant," he said, after a thoughtful silence. "Yet you might easily choose a worse suitor. Your sister has often the strangest whims about marriage-making; but in this fancy I did not oppose her. It would be a very suitable alliance."

"I hope your lordship does not begin to think me a burden on your household," faltered Angela, wounded by his cold-blooded air in disposing of her. "When you and my sister are tired of me I can go back to my convent."

"What! return to those imprisoning walls; immure your sweet youth in a cloister! Not for the Indies. I would not suffer such a sacrifice. Tired of you! I—so deeply bound! I who owe you my life! who looked up out of a burning hell of pain and madness and saw an angel standing by my bed! Tired of you! Indeed, you know me better than to think so badly of me were it but in one flash of thought. You can need no protestations from me. Only, as a young and beautiful woman, living in an age that is full of peril for women, I should like to see you married to a good and true man—such as Denzil Warner."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," Angela answered coldly; "but Papillon and I have agreed that I am always to be her spinster aunt, and am to keep her house when she is married, and wear a linsey gown and a bunch of keys at my girdle, like Mrs. Hubbuck, at Chilton."

"That is just like Henriette. She takes after her mother, and thinks that this globe and all the people upon it were created principally for her pleasure. The Americas to give her chocolate, the Indian Isles to sweeten it for her, the ocean tides to bring her feathers and finery. She is her own center and circumference, like her mother."

"You should not say such an ill thing of your wife, Fareham," said Angela, deeply shocked. "Hyacinth is not one to look into the heart of things."

"Do not for a moment believe that I would speak slightly of your sister," Fareham resumed, after that silent interval. "It were indeed an ill thing in me—most of all to disparage her in your hearing. She is lovely, accomplished, learned even, after the fashion of the Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre. She used to shine among the brightest at the Sencery's Saturday parties, which were the most wearisome assemblies I ever ran away from. The match was made for us by others, and I was her betrothed husband before I saw her. Yet I loved her at first sight. Who could help loving a face as fair as morning over the eastward hills, a voice as sweet as the nightingales' in the Tuilleries garden? She was so young—a child almost; so gentle and confiding. And to see her now with Papillon is to question which is the younger, mother or daughter. Love her? Why, of course I love her. I loved her then. I love her now. Her beauty has but ripened with the passing years; and she has walked the furnace of fire company in two cities, and has never been seared by fire. Love her! Could a man help loving beauty, and frankness, and a natural innocence which cannot be spoiled even by the knowledge of things evil, even by daily contact with sin in high places?"

Again there was a silence, and then, in a deeper tone, after a long sigh, Fareham said:

"I love and honor my wife, I adore my children; yet I am alone, Angela, and I shall be alone till death."

"I don't understand."

"Oh, yes, you do; you understand as well as I who suffer. My wife and I love each other dearly. If she has a fit of the vapors, or an aching tooth, I am wretched. But we have never been companions. The things that she loves are charmless for me. She is enchanted with people from whom I run away. Is it companionship, do you think, for me to look on while she walks a coranto or tosses shuttlecocks with De Malfort? Roxalana is as much my companion when I admire her on the stage from my seat. There are times when my wife seems no nearer to me than a beautiful picture. If I sit in a corner, and listen to her pretty babble about the last fan she bought at the Middle Exchange, or the last witless comedy she saw at the King's Theater, is that companionship, think you? I may be charmed to-day—as I was charmed ten years ago—with the silvery sweetness of her voice, with the graceful turn of her head, the white roundness of her throat. At least I am constant. There is no change in her or in me. We are just as near and just as far apart as when the priest joined our hands at Saint Eustache. And it must be so to the end, I suppose; and I think the fault is in me. I am out of joint with the world I live in. I cannot set myself in tune with their new music. I look back, and remember, and regret, yet hardly know why I remember or what I regret.

Again a silence, briefer than the last, and he went on:

"Do you think it strange that I talk so freely to you—who are scarce more than a child, less learned than Henriette in worldly knowledge? It is a comfort sometimes to talk of one's self; of what one has missed as well as of what one has. And you have such an air of being wise beyond your years; wise in all thoughts that are not of the world—thoughts of things in which there is no truck at the Exchange; which no one buys or sells at Abingdon fair. And you are so near allied to me—a sister! I never had a sister of my own blood, Angela. I was an only child. Solitude was my portion. I lived alone with my tutor and governess—a poor relation of my mother's—alone in a house that was mostly deserted, for Lord and Lady Fareham were in London with the King, till the troubles brought the Court to Christchurch, and then to Chilton. I have had few in whom to confide. And you—remember what you have been to me, and do not wonder if I trust you more than others. Thou didst pluck me out of the pit. Corruption could not touch a creature so lovely and so

innocent. Thou didst walk unharmed through the charnel-house. Remembering this, as I ever must remember, can you wonder that you are nearer to me than all the rest of the world?"

She had seated herself on a bench that commanded a view of the river, and her dreaming eyes were looking far away along the dim perspective of mist and water, bare pollard willows, ragged sedges. Her head drooped a little so that he could not see her face, and one gloved hand hung listlessly at her side.

He bent down to take the slender hand in his, lifted it to his lips, and quickly let it go; but not before she had felt his tears upon it. She looked up a few minutes later, and the place was empty. Her tears fell thick and fast. Never before had she suffered this exquisite pain—sorrow so intense, yet touching so close on joy. She sat alone in the inexpressible melancholy of the late autumn; pale mists rising from the river; dead leaves falling; and Fareham's tears upon her hand.

(To be Continued.)

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Very few people have any conception of the deadly effects of la grippe or influenza, which with each recurring winter sweeps over Canada, leaving in its trail death and broken constitutions. If any equal number of deaths were caused by say cholera, the whole continent would be in a panic, and it is only because the deadly effects of la grippe are not understood that its approach is viewed with less apprehension.

Dr. Bryce, the very efficient health officer for Ontario, in his annual report to the Provincial Government, shows that the deaths in Ontario alone from the effects of la grippe for the years 1892-93-94 reached the aggregate of 2,023, a number sufficiently large to make us view the scourge with positive alarm, for in addition to this mortality, there are beyond doubt thousands who from the same cause are left with shattered health and ruined constitutions. La grippe is a disease of the nerve centres, with a specially marked effect upon the heart, and the obvious duty of those who have suffered from even a mild attack is to strengthen and fortify the nerve forces. For this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act more promptly and thoroughly than any other medicine yet discovered. Their function is to supply impoverished blood with its lacking constituents, and to build anew shattered nerves. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills perform what is claimed for them in this respect is proved by the voluntary testimonials of those who have been restored to health. One strong case in point is that of Mrs. A. Gratton, of Hull, Que. To a newspaper reporter who interviewed her, Mrs. Gratton said: "I was always a strong and a healthy woman up to about four years ago. At that time I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me weak and nervous, with pains in my back and stomach, and almost constant

severe headaches. I found myself so completely used up that I was unable to do any work about the house no matter how light.

My appetite had gone and I had no relish for any kind of food. For about a year I continued to be thus tortured, getting no freedom from pain either day or night. I had tried different kinds of medicine prescribed by a physician but they did me no good. I began to believe that medicine would not cure me, and as I always had a terrible cough I feared I was sinking into consumption. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had heard and read much about this medicine but had not thought of it as a cure for myself, but I felt that it might be worth trying and procured a supply, and after the use of a couple of boxes I began to feel an improvement. I continued their use until I had taken twelve boxes when I found myself, free from pain, with a good appetite, and as well as ever I was in my life. Last December, as the result of a severe cold, I was again taken ill, but this time I tried no experiments with other medicines but went straight to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the most beneficial results as you can see for yourself. I have such faith in Pink Pills that I never allow myself to be without a box, and take them occasionally as a tonic, and I will be glad if my experience will prove helpful to some other poor sufferer."

When you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills see that the full trade mark is on every box. Imitations and substitutes are worthless, perhaps dangerous.

The Ottawa Crisis

is now a thing of history, the bolters having returned. Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Mackenzie Bowell have smoked the pipe of peace, which is said to have been filled with Westminster fine cut tobacco from G. W. Muller's Cigar and Tobacco Palace, 9 King street west.

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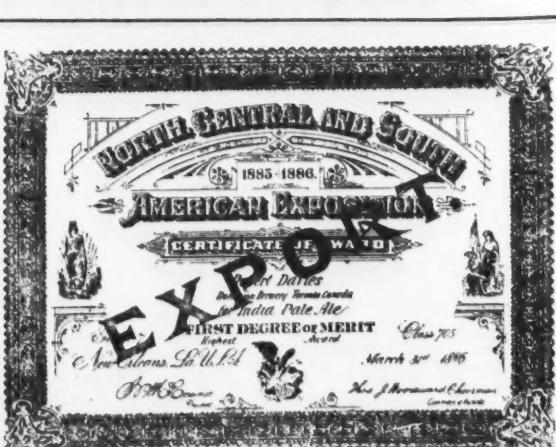
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Points About People.

OUR London correspondent, T. H. G., sends us a photograph of Mr. Franklin McLeay, the young Canadian who is making so decided a hit in London as the Emperor Nero in Mr. Wilson Barrett's play, *The Sign of the Cross*. This play was first produced in London in the Lyric Theater on January 4, and Mr. Barrett received a royal welcome home. Our correspondent supplies us with a very interesting synopsis of the play, but as we have already described the piece we will merely refer to Mr. McLeay, who is well known here, having been a student at Toronto University. The *Times* speaks of his Nero as being "graphically correct;" the *Morning Post* says: "A striking likeness to Nero and acted with remarkable skill and judgment;" the *Standard* notes that "Mr. McLeay's Nero was a remarkably careful and telling study of the tyrant, and greatly added to the drama." Some of the papers go so far as to say that his performance is the artistic success of the whole play. Austin Fryers, the well known critic, wrote: "A marvelous bit of realistic acting was the representation of Nero, in an advanced stage of decrepitude, by Mr. Franklin McLeay. All the hateful features, sometimes grotesque in their very repulsiveness, were admirably portrayed by this actor. It is a *vignette* of character as extraordinarily lifelike in its way as Sir Henry Irving's Louis XI., and worthy to rank with it." One of the papers devoted to light gossip said: "Mr. Franklin McLeay gave a clever and consistent picture of Nero, but he was ludicrously like Mr. Arthur Roberts' Roman sketch in *Don Juan*." Our correspondent T. H. G. informs us that *The Sign of the Cross* is attracting the



Mr. Franklin McLeay.

attention of the pulpit, and that many a sermon has been preached in praise of the play and its teachings. We observe that the critic of no less a paper than *The Speaker* certifies to this disapprovingly: "As to Mr. Wilson Barrett's *Sign of the Cross*—a medley of Christmas-card religiosity, smug erotica, and sheer brutality—I would rather say nothing. The piece offends all my instincts. I understand that it has caused a wave of enthusiasm in the New as well as in the Old World, and has been the means of reconciling innumerable ministers of innumerable denominations to the theater. It is no business of mine, thank goodness! to comment upon that." In this mass of quotations there is a mass of testimony showing that Mr. McLeay is still mounting higher in his art.

The story goes that when the wardrobe of the late Sir Henry Ponsonby, private secretary to Her Majesty the Queen, was cleared out there were good many stray half-sovereigns found in the pockets of his old clothes. Even in his early cricketing days Sir Henry was noted for a certain promiscuousness of dress, for he not infrequently appeared in the field with bits of string utilized in the absence of buttons. This habit remained with him, for he has been known, when hurriedly dressing for a Court dinner, to fasten his wristbands with india-rubber rings in substitution for some buttons that had played him false. Nor did experiences of this kind teach him the prudence of employing the more reliable wrist studs for fleeting buttons.

Mr. E. S. Jackson of Toronto, who is probably best known as the manager of Clifford Calverley, the high wire walker, is in England at present, and we note in some of our exchanges from the other side that he is delivering lectures in London and some of the country towns upon Canada, and illustrating his remarks with line-light views. His lectures appear to be arousing much interest, for he is telling the straight truth to his audiences. He tells them that the Canadian cities are full of mechanics and laborers, that the supply of labor is quite equal to the demand. As to farming, he advises those who have money and understand farming, to come to our North-West Territories, but bids those who possess neither money nor experience yet are propitious to farm in Canada, to give up the idea. Money is needed to stock and equip a North-West farm. In regard to the war scare, Mr. Jackson assures his auditors that

Canada has no idea of annexation and would resist invasion along the Detroit and Niagara rivers as determinedly as in 1812. Mr. Jackson is not an immigration agent and his lectures are the more valuable.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, in some reminiscences, records the following interesting contrast: "I remember George Henry Lewes telling me the difference between Thackeray and Dickens in a way of service to a friend. Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you, and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two-line testimonial; but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and banknotes, if you wanted them."

Mr. W. A. Fraser, who won second prize in our last story competition with Bob Shewey's Ruby, has since been forging to the front as a writer. His short story, *King George's Shell*, which appeared recently in *SATURDAY NIGHT*, was reproduced by *Current Literature*, with a very flattering notice of Mr. Fraser and his work. He has had several manuscripts accepted in New York and elsewhere during the past month, and has gone to Gotham this week to consult with some of the publishers there in regard to future work. Having lived in India, England, and traveled over most of this continent, he has a fund of material not easily exhausted.

An Apt Use of Texts.

A Calendar of Scriptural Quotations has just been issued by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Co., of London, and it is one of the most unique things imaginable. A notable event belonging to a particular day is given and is followed by an appropriate text—singularly appropriate some of them are. We will quote a few of them to sufficiently illustrate the cleverness of the calendar:

January 16, *Lady Hamilton died, 1814.*

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."—Luke vii. 47.

January 17, *Siamese Twins died.*

"In their death they were not divided."—2 Samuel i. 23.

February 1, *Swinburne born, 1837.*

"Now will I sing . . . a song of my beloved."—Isaiah v. 1.

February 25, *Inconvertible Greenbacks issued by the United States, 1862.*

"Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."—Acts iii. 6.

February 29, *Leap Year Day.*

"In that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, 'We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by the name, to take away our reproach.'"—Isaiah iv. 1.

April 7, *Royal Titles Bill carried through Parliament by Mr. Disraeli, 1876.*

"Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor."—Proverbs iv. 8.

May 14, *London Museum of Geology Opened.*

"Stumble not among the stones."

July 3, *Dog Days Began.*

"Deliver my darling from the power of the dog."—Psalm xxii. 20.

August 4, *Army Regulation Act passed, 1871.*

"Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south."—Psalm lxxv. 6.

September 18, *George I. landed in England 1714.*

"The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will, and setteth up over it the basest of men."—Daniel iv. 17.

October 12, *First Social Science Congress, 1857.*

"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."—Job xii. 2.

December 5, *Gladstone's Ministry assumed Office, 1868.*

"When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice."—Proverbs xxix. 2.

A Prophecy Recalled.

Canadian Gazette.

We cannot all be prophets, and this extract from *Harper's Magazine* of April, 1890, shows the danger of the art. It also shows how Canadian pluck has realized what seemed an impossible dream only a quarter of a century ago. Says *Harper's*:

The British Government seems once to have had a serious idea of constructing a great railway and steamboat route from Montreal to the Pacific. All that was wanted was to track the great Canadian lakes and then cut the Fraser River for 1,249 miles, and then cut the Fraser River in British Columbia and follow it for 260-280 miles down to Burr Inlet in British Columbia. Moreover, "the fertile settlement of the Red River, now detached and isolated, would be connected with civilization and the outer world." Noboddy within the lives of living men will go overland from the Atlantic to the Pacific except through the American *et cetera*, United States territory.

Must Have Had.

Chicago Tribune.

The rising young literary man of the village author of the poem read at the public installation of the officers of Spiketown Lodge, No. 57, Independent Order of Good Templars, had dropped in for a friendly chat with Mr. Clugston, editor of the *Blizzard*. "I've just been reading that piece *Poet Laureate* A. L. A. wrote about the war in Africa," he said, sitting down on a pile of exchanges and putting his feet on the editor's table; "gosh! what a pull that man must have had!"

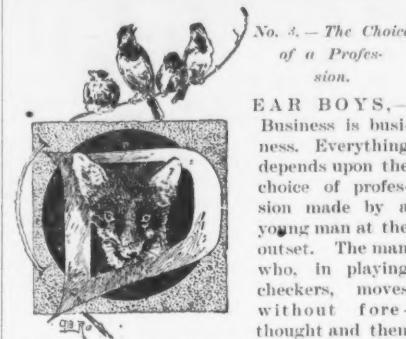
The Native Magazines

The Canadian Magazine has shown a marked improvement lately and its February number is most interesting. In securing a story by Ian McLaren, who is the popular author of the English-speaking world just now, the editor has shown a rare stroke of enterprise—a stroke which brings Canada into sight in literature. Kate Carnegie is the name of the story, and its opening chapters promise that it will be a delightful romance.

The Massey Magazine for February is an improvement upon the first number. The illustrations by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, F. H. Brigden and others are of a superior order, and Mr. J. W. Bengough's department called *Jokosero*, illustrated with thumb-nail sketches is very original and attractive.

Many a man whose marriage was the result of love at first sight wishes he had been blessed with the gift of second sight.—*New York Mercury*.

Confidential Letters to Young Men.



No. 3.—The Choice of a Profession.

EAR BOYS.—

Business is business. Everything depends upon the choice of profession made by a young man at the outset. The man who, in playing checkers, moves without forethought and then

studies the effect as his opponent is "jumping" over one, two, three, into the king row, is never likely to become famous as a player. Experience is a good teacher but his charges are high, and so it is well to learn something before entering his school. There are certain drags that are deadly; learn this without the experience of swallowing poison. Every young man has a specialty—some are adapted to one use, some to another, and some to no use whatever. Those who are completely useless often embitter their lives by turning to things other than their specialty. There are men, too, practicing law and medicine who should be preaching, and there are men preaching who should be practicing.

A young man is like a new place of business just about to be opened to the public. Before opening up shop it is wise to know whether the stock consists of hides and tallow or bread and buns. Are you a tannery or a bakery?

There is nothing like leather, but it is not popular as food. The people are such thorough, bold fools that they recognize one of their kind by the unerring instinct of family sympathy, and so let me continue the figure) if you are a tin-shop don't deceive yourself into the notion that your pots and pans are chinaware. It is easier to deceive yourself than anybody else. If you delude yourself, a bull will some day get into your chinashop and the sound of tumbling tin will convince you that you are a tinker in trouble.

Keep up your shutters until you have taken stock. Lock your door this very evening after reading this, get your feet up on a table—there's a quart of blood in your feet that would do your head good if it could only get up there to rinse it out—and calmly deliberate as to what you are good for. Are you good for anything? Were you the smartest scholar in your school? If so, tilt your feet a little higher, for you have some hard figuring to do. Forty-eight per cent. of the bricks made in this country are made by men who a few years ago were the pride of the schoolmasters of the land, and the S. A. Shelter for the Homeless, teams and smells these evenings with one-time "bright pupils" who know the capitals of Europe but have none of their own. Stand on your head for a minute and get blood in where your fatal facility at lesson-learning is now situated. Success in life depends very little upon the trick of memorizing. The man who has memorized more than two poems has something to forget before he is ready for business. These two poems, which all men should know, are by anonymous authors, more's the pity. They are "Ten Cents Make One Dime"—beautiful in measure and the gem of blank verse—and "Thirty Days Hath September, etc., etc." this being matchless in rhythm and in utilitarian charm.

But even if you were the brightest scholar in your school, don't give in without a struggle, for all boys cannot be dunces. We know that nearly all great men were dunces at school, but some were not. You have an off chance, and the man who wants more than one chance in a hundred is poor in spirit. Figure out what you think you are good for. If you can think of nothing, believe me, you are designed for the practice of medicine. A doctor is a sort of popular novelist who writes in cipher, in abbreviations, in a dead language which neither the author nor his public understands, yet whose works are taken eagerly as fast as they come from the publisher (the druggist). He is a sort of tailor, who, if he spoils the cloth, is not asked for the garment, yet is paid for the work done on it. What he spoils he can practice on to the end that he may be proficient thereafter, and his misfits never shame him upon the streets. He is a sort of merchant, who, when he once gets a customer, can force him to keep on buying until the overcrowding of other purchasers makes it necessary to let the first escape. Business is only slack when miscalculations are made. What goes on a man's body is considered more important than what goes into it. A man who will not put on his necktie in the dark will take a medicine without knowing its ingredients, or will arise in the night and take a drink of what in a general sort of way he believes to be water. If you have no special aptitude for anything else, be a doctor. Remember that the burial service will make holy your mistakes, and the heirs will not be captious or disposed to haggle with a benefactor. When you begin practice, and catch a man with that tired feeling, if you are any good you can develop it into typhoid, and if you are no good it will develop into something else in response to your treatment. You stand to win anyhow. All you want is the man, and there are lots of men. Don't let anyone tell you that the field is overcrowded with doctors—don't count the doctors, but count the great number of healthy people who are practically running wild without medical attention. There is a vast field really uncultivated, and I understand that the Medical Council is about to petition the Government for legislation that will make it necessary for every adult to give a doctor a chance at him or her at least once a year. This will enable you to catch your man, and if you once get a spoonful to his lips it will be "plain sailing."

Law is the next best thing for a young man who has no special fitness for engineering, railroading, brick-laying or a mercantile or financial life, wherein specific talents are required. Law and physic are very similar. The cinch which the doctor has upon a man's body once he can get a spoonful of medicine into him, is no greater than the cinch which the lawyer gets on a man's business once he can give him some professional advice or appear anywhere to represent him. The main thing

with the lawyer, as with the doctor, is to catch a man, and once he is caught the rest is easy.

When two men have a quarrel and one consults a lawyer, it is easy to write the other a formal letter that will send him straight to his lawyer, who, if he understands the game and is a good player, can protract the contest and amass the costs almost endlessly, or so long as the financial standing of the litigants may make it advisable. Great successes in law cannot be had without brains, but there is no other occupation open to man in which a teaspooon of intellect can be so adroitly palmed off as an imperial gallon. The masses have a splendid awe of the man who uses the word "whereas" and the phrase "hereinbefore mentioned;" best of all, they think that to dispute the bill of a man who uses legal phrases would be contempt of court and possibly a hanging matter. To look learned only requires a little posing before a mirror, and any young lawyer can do it. Whether a lawyer wins or loses a case he gets paid; if he wins, he gets the glory of it, and if he loses, the case is blamed for it. It is easy for lawyers to so conduct a suit that costs will be registered against the litigant best able to pay costs. As a Western judge remarked when two Eastern men were involved in a case before him: "The question of costs is reserved—until I can look up Bradstreet." A useful hint is contained in the anecdote of a certain judge who, when practicing law, used to write his client when he won a suit: "I am pleased to inform you that I have won your case for you. Bill enclosed." When he lost a suit he wrote: "Am sorry to inform you that you have lost your case. Bill enclosed."

There is no more respectability calling than that of preaching. The preacher also has a cinch, though I say it with respect. The doctor holds your body in fee, the lawyer your business and the preacher your soul. Professional and business men of all other kinds form outer circles and get at you with diminished effect. There is no man enjoying a more unconditional license than the preacher. His good sermons are his own, while his errors are inspired. He is never bigoted, for his positivism is called *zeal*. If you best him in an argument upon a temporal matter even, he will pray for you, and to reprove would be impious. If a preacher narrows down and loses his broad sympathy with, and knowledge of, men; if he fails to show originality and scope of intellect when in the pulpit, he is at least described as a very earnest and good man, and a careful worker in his parish. A parson's future (during this life) is secure the moment he is ordained; the spare room and the spotless sheets are his wherever he goes, and the fat pullet loses its head as he draws nigh; yet, mark me well, I advise no youth to enter the ministry for worldly reasons, because safe as this profession is for men of negative virtues and infinitesimal talents, nevertheless I venture to say that no man can mock the Almighty with insincere ministrations without often suffering the tortures of the man seated in the condemned cell listening for significant footfalls in the stone corridors. Remember, I am not trying to poison your minds, but to polish them. Conduct a gambling-hell rather than preach without conviction. Moreover, there is more money in it.

Journalism also offers fine openings for those who lack the capacity to fill some useful occupation. The magical "we" affords an impenetrable mask for a simian face and a toy intellect. You can get behind this mask and, as the children say, "just pretend" you know everything, and sure enough, you will be so rated in this world of idiots. Your words will have the import of those spoken by the oriental priest who enters the hollow body of a wooden god and answers the prayers of groveling heathens. No great salaries are paid in newspaper work because almost anyone will do to "holler" through the orifice in the face of the idol.

But this letter is over-long and so I must drop the subject. If you have a specialty, discover and apply it. Next week I shall instruct you when to marry and how to choose a wife.

Sincerely yours,

JARVIS DOWD.

—♦—

Thine eyes say yes!
Could I but guess
That answer, love,
What happiness!

My heart is light,
Hopes once more bright,
One more we word,
And all is right.

C. S. M.

From The Lord of Potsdam.

National Observer.

W E, William, Kaiser, planted on Our throne By heaven's grace, but chiefly by Our own, Deign to speak. Then let the earth be dumb,

And other nations cease their senseless hum!

The Reclamation of Mr. Whyte-Johns.

By William Bleasdale Cameron.

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AKE up the horses, Patrice, or we sha'n't get home before dark."

Singleton Whyte-Johns was returning to Victoria from the Shenabandawong Reservation.

It was the year when, through Departmental bungling at Ottawa, he filled the position of Indian Agent to which another had been appointed. Four mint-new vertebrates, his friends solemnly alleged, had been added to his former somewhat diminutive stature in the few months that had elapsed since he was a man of leisure—with an abnormal lack of means—about town; and in his heart Singleton Whyte-Johns would perhaps not have quarreled with the doubtful accuracy of their statement.

Smallpox had broken out in the settlement during the winter. He had been putting another three hundred dollars to his fixed annual two thousand by scratching some spots on the arms of the settlers and Indians at one dollar per spot.

"Viola ces tentes!"

The half-breed driver pointed ahead with his whip where a dotted white line flecked the yellow monotony. Singleton Whyte-Johns adjusted his eye-glass critically. No tents were at this point on the trail when he passed out. He made a mental estimate of at least twenty more dollars to his credit on the trip.

"Aw," he observed, drawing up in their midst, "more smallpox, I suppose."

His remark was not addressed to anyone in particular, but a stout man near by evidently considered himself eligible to reply.

"No," he said, "not exactly. We're surveyors, most of us; my name's Curtis. We were working in the infected district, and this is a quarantine camp. The doctors in charge stopped us—they've stopped everybody that's come along. We're in for three weeks."

"Ah—What are you doing, half-breed? I don't mean to camp here."

The native belonging to the quarantine, who had been loosing his horses, hesitated.

"I don't think they'll let you through," remarked Curtis.

Singleton Whyte-Johns did not think it necessary to notice this unsolicited opinion.

"Ha, Doctor!" he exclaimed, as the health officer appeared. "I'm just passing through—been out to Shenabandawong, vaccinating. Hope you're all well? Patrice, hook those traces again."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Whyte-Johns, but I afraid you'll have to stay. My instructions are imperative: to allow no one to pass."

"But, my dear sir!" objected Whyte-Johns, "I can't possibly remain here! I've my official duties to attend to."

"My position exactly, Mr. Whyte-Johns," responded the doctor cheerfully. "My official duty allows me no alternative but to detain you for three weeks."

Whyte-Johns protested unavailingly. His horses were taken out, and he marched off to his tent when it had been set up, in a deeply injured and choleric frame of mind. He took solitory tea that evening; the doctors and the surveyors dined together. They were rather amused at the affronted bearing of his highness, Singleton Whyte-Johns.

"Thinks he's a sort of privileged character," remarked Curtis.

"Yes; and hardly used," added Wickley, another boundary-marker.

"Possibly we can get some fun out of this," the doctor remarked during a lull. "A little plot with a laugh at the end would help the tedium. I've an idea. Suppose we had a magistrate here—to-morrow, say. Myrtle's a J.P.; he should be along soon with supplies. People have been known to break through quarantine. If I'm anything of a hypnotist, that thought, I should say, had occurred to Singleton Whyte-Johns."

"Doctor," exclaimed Curtis, "I can no longer refrain from avowing openly the admiration I have ever felt for the eminent capacity of your expansive brain. At poker it is as inscrutable as the Sphinx (I shall bet more charily in future when you draw three cards); it steers you around unerringly under a cloud of spirituous fog which would drive any man with an ordinary head out of a fifth-story window. And, behold! now your skill as a mind-reader only serves further to demonstrate its limitless resources. Erstwhile sceptical, my belief in the potency of the occult art is henceforth confirmed; I doubt no longer. At law, though, of course something more is required. Who's to dare the august presence and learn from his own mouth the Sovereign's imperious will?"

"I'll do it!" answered Wickley. "And I'll try, moreover, so to ingratiate myself into his royal favor as to be named Prime Minister—and Privy Councillor, of course—as well."

"Well spoken, O Thunder Heart!" murmured the doctor in a grateful tone, as he raised a keg tenderly from the floor. His face gathered a troubled look, which he turned on the others.

"Why, I swear!" he exclaimed. "This keg's about dry!"

"Thank the Statutes, there lives a chance it may yet be filled again!" Curtis said devoutly.

With the morning came Myrtle, J.P., and the supplies. They were met by the health officers and Curtis.

"Whyte-Johns, the Indian Agent, is here," said Dr. Suigin. "It's reported that he means to break quarantine."

"And we want you to pull him up," added Doctor Slough.

"But I have no authority to do that," answered Myrtle.

"Well, assume authority," said Suigin. "We're about out of whisky; you'd better fine him."

"Oh—" protested the magistrate.

"But, yes," persisted the doctor. "He's making too much money, and the wealth and dignity with which he loads himself should be levied on, anyway. I'll stand all possible consequences."

"Well; how much do you propose I should tax him?"

"Twenty dollars would be reasonable," suggested Curtis.

"White Mud! That's too much!"

"Not a bit," held the doctor.

"All right; I'll think about it."

Next day Singleton Whyte-Johns, escorted by a constable, appeared before Myrtle, J.P.

"I'm told you've expressed your determination to break quarantine," began the magistrate.

"Well, I'm an Indian Agent and have my duties to attend to. I've no right to be kept here," returned Whyte-Johns doggedly.

"You do not deny the truth of the charge, then?" (I've witnesses if required.) As a public officer and a person of some importance, you should uphold the regulations, not infringe them; you should show an example to the poor natives. I gave a man six months in jail yesterday for a similar offence; in your case the least I can do is to fine you fifteen dollars and costs. Besides, you must give me a written guarantee that you will not attempt to leave quarantine within three weeks."

Whyte-Johns positively refused to pay the money. He declared wrathfully that the proceedings were an outrage.

"You will consider yourself under arrest, sir," said the magistrate at length, severely, "until payment and the guarantee are forthcoming. Constable, take the prisoner back to camp and guard him closely. If he escapes I hold you answerable."

The old half-breed took very good care indeed that his charge did not elude him. It was another case like that of Mary and her little lamb;

Everywhere that Whyte-Johns went

The guard was sure to go.

If he strolled toward the poplar bluff behind the camp, the aged half-breed, gun in hand, trudged at his heels. If he sat down to a meal, his attendant conscientiously kept an authentic record of the number of mouthfuls. Idle or active, sleeping or waking, dressing or the contrary, never for one instant was he out of visual range of that ancient eye. That twenty-four hours was the most trying in Singleton Whyte-Johns' varied experience. It became intolerable. At the end of it Myrtle, J.P., received a letter. It was from Singleton Whyte-Johns, and read:

"Quarantine Camp, Riviere qui Barre, May 8, 187—

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find my cheque and guarantee required. Be good enough to order my immediate release from this accursed surveillance. Yours,

"SINGLETION WHYTE-JOHNS,
A. M. Myrtle, Esq., J.P.,
"Snr Gulch."

Myrtle enclosed the cheque to Doctor Suigin, who at once sent an order to the nearest town for the requisites for a little supper. He also sent the keg. There were oysters, turkey, port and sherry, besides the whisky. Nothing very elaborate, to be sure, but altogether satisfactory to campers with good appetites and a nice, healthy, reliable thirst, and—what do you expect for fifteen dollars, anyway?

The cloth, if there happened to be one, (I am not very certain on this point) was laid for eight o'clock that is). There were a dozen seats around the table, one of which was occupied by Singleton Whyte-Johns; and, to the credit of the caterers be it said, he enjoyed the supper immensely. He seemed to revel in the atmosphere of freedom he had breathed since four o'clock, and was in a condition of effusive cordiality. He extolled the cooking, proclaimed the turkey excellent, buried his Saskatoon pie between relays of smothered eulogies, and declared that better sherry he had never tasted out of London.

The others were no less eloquent in their praises. Curtis affirmed that he never would credit the doctor's statement that such oysters in that corner of a country had cost him so little. The doctor was too modest. He tried to hide his munificence under a vat.

The doctor shook his resourceful cranium reprovingly. "Now, you know, Curtis, you contributed as much toward the cost as I did," he demurred.

"Well, I think we have to thank our genial friend of the Revised Statutes as much as anyone for the pleasure we are taking out of this little supper," remarked Doctor Slough.

Myrtle sat next to the Indian agent. What had been a bottle of sherry but was now a sherry bottle, stood between them. The J.P. had not done more than any other person toward the evening's entertainment that Singleton Whyte-Johns could see. "He must have chipped in for the supper," thought Whyte-Johns. He turned, smiling affably, to Myrtle.

Explained.



He—Your husband must have had his salary increased. I see that you have a new fur cape.

She—Oh, no, it's not that. He's learned how to fix the gas meter.

"Why, I thought you were here as a guest-like myself?" he said.

"Honor to whom honor is due," quoted Doctor Suigin just then, rising. "Gentlemen; the candles pale, and the birds begin to peep, but before we break I wish to propose one more toast. Owing to an occult gift which I have of discerning things at a distance," here he looked judicially at Wickley, who had begun to smile, "as some of you may possibly be aware, it became known to me that one of our little coteries had decided upon leaving us. We are not many; we could not afford to have him do so. Besides, his action would have been contrary to the regulations in such cases provided. He had not seemed to care particularly for any of the society of the camp, except for twenty-four hours during the early part of his stay, for that of one man; a native who, I regret, is not here this morning. I can hardly, indeed, assert that he felt a pronounced liking for this person—who was somewhat negligent of attire and forward in deportment—but it was generally remarked in camp that, though they appeared not to confer much together, they were otherwise on most intimate terms; in fact, they seemed inseparable, so that a strong attachment must have existed at least on one side.

"To come to the point: Instead of leaving us, he concluded to remain; and in order to cultivate more closely the ties which endeared him to us, at the suggestion of our judicial guest he gave a little supper—and I am sure we have all greatly enjoyed it.

"Gentlemen, the health of our amiable host, Singleton Whyte-Johns!"

Whyte-Johns sat very still during this speech and the hilarious applause which greeted it. Then he caught the table in both hands and got gravely on his feet.

"Gentlemen—I thank you—i thank you exceedingly for the—the enthusiastic manner in which—in which you have drunk my health. All I have to add is, that there'll be another supper, at my tent, on Friday night, and you'll all come. It's worth double the fee of initiation to be taken into such a glorious brotherhood of damned good fellows!"

The supper on Friday duly came off, but this time Singleton Whyte-Johns sat a guest at his own table.

The People of Paris.

We have compiled and adapted the following from French Men and French Manners, by Albert Van Dusen, author of that other delightful book, An Englishman in Paris, Published by Bell, London, and the Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd.), Toronto.

HOSE who know Paris and France are aware that the Capital virtually rules the whole of the land, not only in politics, but in the matter of literature, art, fashion, and the drama. It absolutely ignores provincial opinion, but accepts foreign opinion now and then, often for no other reason than because it is foreign. "I candidly own I am annoyed," said Louis XIV, one day, "to find that, with all my kingly authority in this country, I have been crying in vain against those extravagantly high structures on women's heads. Not a single person has felt inclined to make them lower in deference to me. But all at once there appears upon the scene a stranger, a bit of rubbish (*une guenille*) from England, who wears her hair low upon her head, and suddenly all the princesses go from one extreme to the other." The "bit of rubbish" happened to be Lady Sandwich, the wife of the English Ambassador.

One might infer from the sway Paris enjoys in the affairs of France that the Parisian is, physically, a superiorly endowed creature; intellectually, a master mind; morally, a man with an iron will either for good or evil, or both. The fact is that, with few exceptions, he is the very reverse. He is volatile, demonstrative, and sometimes ironical, and frequently enthusiastic. But he has absolutely no strength of will and is swayed hither and thither, much like a straw in a gust of wind, by this or that mob orator, who coins or steals a catch phrase.

Voltaire said that Paris is inhabited by tigers goaded by apes; the provincial is the tiger, the Parisian the ape. The born Parisian detests revolutions; when they come, he stands by and submits. Great schemes were undertaken for the embellishment of Paris, and when, in 1789, the condition of the exchequer made it necessary to stop operations, a countless number of provincials were thrown upon the streets without employment. It wanted but one spark to set that mass of inflammable material alight.

Who struck the spark? Not a Parisian, but a provincial—Camille Desmoulins, a native of Guise. Who, under the pretext, nay, with the intention, perhaps, of keeping the conflagra-

tion within certain limits, of organizing the savage, put himself at the head of the armed force? A provincial—Lafayette, born at Chavagnac, and a marquis to boot. Who became the mouthpiece of the Revolution? Mirabeau, who saw the light at Bignon. Who, when evil days grow apace, becomes the master of the people with stories of plots against them?—who becomes the high priest of the viragos—whom history knows as the *tricoteuses*—in their bloody rites? Not a Parisian, not even a Frenchman, but a Swiss, a native of Boudry—Marat. And though the Parisians are tired of his yoke, and more than tired, there is not one who attempts to lift a hand against this fiend in human shape. The heroic task is reserved for a young girl from the provinces, Charlotte Corday d'Armont, a native of Normandy. What part does the Parisian play in all this? He does not play a part. He is only a supernumerary in the piece from the very first rise of the curtain to its final drop.

During the less than four years' existence of the Commune de Paris, 223 individuals had succeeded themselves in the mismanagement of metropolitan affairs. How many of these belonged to Paris? Twelve. On the other hand, the number of aliens, Swiss, Prussians, Italians, Swedes, Danes and Americans in that assembly was thirty-four. Robespierre came from Arros; Saint-Just belonged to the Nivernais; Couthon was an Auvergnat; Lebas hailed from the Pas-de-Calais; Fouquier-Tinville, Henriot, Chaumette and Hebert were also provincials. The leaders in the Reign of Terror were provincials to a man.

If Louis Philippe, in February, 1848, had been ten years younger, the revolution that cost him his throne would have been nipped in the bud and without bloodshed, although there would have been a great waste of water. He would not have brought out the artillery, but the fire-hose, as he proposed to do on a former occasion; for the Parisians detest getting wet. The beginnings of all uprisings for the last hundred years have been favored by dry, if not altogether fine, weather. "They will not come to-night, for it rains," said Pethion, one evening, looking out of the window and closing it again, while his friends the Girondins were expecting an attack by the mob. The anecdote is told to show Pethion's imperturbability in the hour of danger; in reality it shows his knowledge of the temperament of the Paris population. First of all, they dislike getting wet; secondly, they will not fight, especially in the streets of the city, unless they are assured of an appreciative audience.

When one recalls the use of the hose on the belligerent students at Toronto University some time ago, it will be inferred that President London is an admirer of Louis Philippe. It seems clear that while Paris rules France, it succeeds in doing so by enticing to itself the brains and energies of the provinces. Since the time of Louis XIV, Paris has aimed to be a large pleasure-ground for the rest of the civilized world. Wellington entered Paris, in 1815, with the avowed intention of teaching the French capital to be moral for the future. But he spent \$800,000 there in six weeks; and one may well doubt whether all the money went in teaching the vanquished to live cleanly and like gentlemen. The Grand Duke Constantine spent \$800,000 in one month; Blucher, during his stay, got rid of \$1,200,000. When he left, all his estates were mortgaged, for during his sojourn in the city he had not been absent four-and-twenty hours from the gambling-hells in the Palais Royal. In short, the presence of the allied armies made the fortune of the inhabitants of Paris; for the conquerors crowded the *cafés*, the theaters, the avowable and unavowable places of amusement. They not only supplied the war tax they had imposed upon the vanquished, but they left behind them an enormous surplus in their endeavors to teach Paris the elements of their morality.

Saved by a Poet.

ADY GAY'S reference to Longfellow, last week, as one of her "most cherished ideals," reminds me of a Mr. Joyce in Australia telling me the following story a few years ago:

"For many years I had been carrying on a large dry-goods business in Geelong, catering for the better classes, but after taking stock and balancing the books in my office alone at midnight, I found I was insolvent. Sitting—not knowing what to do—perplexed, and almost distracted, these lines of Longfellow's stole through my mind as if by inspiration:

Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

"The world didn't know I was bankrupt, so I resolved from that moment to try again, and this time go for the masses. The result was that in six years I made a fortune and I sold out. Some time after I thought I would like to see other parts of the world, and started on a trip around it. When I landed on the western shores of your great continent, the central figure to me was the man to whom I felt so much indebted, and I wanted to see him if possible. When at length I reached the door of his house and modestly knocked, I was met by his daughter, who said her father was very poorly and not able to see anyone. I told her I had come all the way from Australia to see him, and that I must see him even if I should have to wait. So I told her to come in and she would tell her father. Soon returning she said 'he would try to see me.' Ah, those moments of suspense seemed long—were hard; vivid recollections and an awkward feeling of unworthiness made me nervous. I was almost in the presence of a superior being, and overawed. The door opened, and the patriarchal figure I knew so well from pictures, kindly held out his hand, saying he was glad to see one from that distant land—that he had sometimes thought of visiting Australia but he was too old now.

"When I had told my story, he said, 'I have been writing for the world for over forty years

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Anecdotal.

An enthusiastic horticulturist, when he heard of the massacre of the English missionaries in China, wrote in his farm journal: "While we deplore bloodshed, it must be confessed that the English and American missionaries are a selfish lot, lacking in patriotism. They never have sent a seed of the famous melons of Asia back to their own country."

The story is told in a Chicago paper that the Rev. Ernest M. Stires, the rector of Grace Episcopal church, was present at the recent Charity ball with his wife, they being the guests of friends. A woman reporter came along, and, seeing Mr. Stires, said, "I want to get the ladies' gowns." "Well, really," answered the observing young minister, "I think they need what they have."

A devout gentleman of Boston who teaches a Sunday school class of bootblacks and newsboys recently undertook to tell the story of Jacob's ladder. After he had graphically pictured the wanderings of the patriarch, his dream in the Eastern pasture and the ladder on which the angels were ascending and descending, he paused and said: "Now, boys, if there is anything in this story that I have not yet explained, you may ask me any question you like and I will answer it." Thereupon a little chap cried out: "Say, mister, did you say den angels hed wings?" "Yes, my boy; angels always have wings." "Well, den, if dey hed wings, what for did they need ladders?"

One day in 1789 a mob in Paris caught sight, in the streets, of the famous Abbé Maury, afterwards Cardinal Maury, and forthwith began to howl "A la lanterne! A la lanterne!" the guillotine had not replaced the favours lamp-arm then. The Abbé faced them quietly: "Suppose you do hang me from that lamp-arm, do you think the lamp itself will afford you a better light for the future?" The remark dispersed the mob without another word, for Parisian crowds could always be maddened by a phrase and put into humor by an epigram. On another occasion a ruffian, armed with a chopper, ran after the Abbé. "Where is that Abbé Maury?" he yelled; "I'll send him to say mass in hell." The Abbé turned upon his pursuer. "That's all right," he said, "but you'll help me to perform it." And taking out his pistols, he added, "Here are the cups for the wine and the oil." The people applauded and almost trampled the would-be assassin to death. "Each epigram gave Maury a month's rest and security," said the almost equally famous Abbé de Pradt.

Not long ago, Mr. X., the great Chicago provision merchant, principal partner in the firm which bears his name, and whose tins of compressed beef are universally known, was making a prolonged tour through Europe. Whilst he was visiting Spain an amusing incident is said to have occurred in Madrid, though perhaps the joke was not appreciated by the American millionaire. Mr. X. was taken by a Spanish grante to witness what was promised to be an unusually fine display of the national sport. When, however, the first bull made its appearance in the arena, he sank down on the ground, and in spite of the united efforts of toreador and attendants, obstinately refused to move. Everything being at a standstill, the director summoned the toreador and enquired the cause of the trouble. For the benefit of the American visitor the toreador replied in broken English: "Ah, señor, tu bueve seze ze great beef merchant of Chicago sitting with your Excellency, and zere is no fight left in 'im!"

The following new story comes from the West: Mr. L., a good-natured German, was the proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cash-boy to head clerk and who had been for many years an attache of the store. Since his promotion, John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of ten dollars per month. "Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I think I bays you poooty well already. Vot for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John confidentially, "I am your principal help here. I have worked you up to a large trade. I know every detail of the business, and indeed I think you could not get along without me." "Is that so?" exclaimed the German. "Mein Gott! Shon, vot would I do subsoose you vas to die?" "Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me." "The old man" took several whiffs from his big pipe and said nothing. At last he gravely remarked: "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter gonsider yourself dead."

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Between You and Me.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Dear Lady Gay, would you please say something about the observance of Lent, and tell me why it is regarded as the proper thing to do without some particular kind of food in that season?"

Well, dear woman or man, whichever you be, that is one of the idiocies of conventionalism—not Lent, but the doing without meat. Of course you know that the theory that our nature is influenced by our food is true, to a certain extent, therefore we should be careful every day and always what influences we set loose within ourselves. This was, perhaps, too much to spring upon people in the early ages, and Lent, with its carefully considered diet, was the compromise. It is useful also, no doubt, as a discipline in submission, and as a chastising of the self-will and self-love which girds against denial. But we should, ideally, not be subject to any discipline which is not self-imposed. Everyone should be sufficiently comprehending of life's laws and needs and purposes to know just what should be allowed and what withheld in the material line. The idea that all things are lawful but not all expedient, should work out the proper selection with the mortal anxious to get on; to secure the salvation that waits upon each of us. When one takes such ground as this, where is Lent? A speck on the face of the year! A little guide-post for children, which suggests what is life's principle the long year round. The principle is simple: if one does not care to understand one's own being, the observance or non-observance of a season isn't worth discussing; if one does care, there will be no season specially involving self-denial—it will be a means of development the whole life through. That is quite the only answer I have."

The ingenuous young man and I had a great discussion upon friendships yesterday. We tried to decide why one man who was fond of another man, and desired to be his friend, never succeeded in meeting him without some friction of opinion and strife of tongues. The ingenuous young man and I get on famously together, but I know just what sort of a nature his would continually clash with. People are wonderfully like the elements; did you ever study that out? It is scarcely true. There are fire people and earth people, and air and water people, and they act upon each other precisely as the elements affect each other. The earth people and the fire people get on well together so long as the balance of force, the strength of their nature, is in proper proportion. Too much fire, and the earth nature hardens, becomes dry and totally withers: the fire nature preys upon and destroys it. You see it every day, feel it, maybe, to your sorrow. The water people, gracious and grateful to the earth people, but in too great force, in too constant intercourse, verily—mud! If the ingenuous young man and other persistent folk, who will not look below the surface, but continue to demand impossibilities, would only study out the elements and range themselves under their proper one, they would soon see why certain people don't get on well; why marriages are unhappy; why certain children grow up good, under little governing, and why others, perpetually coerced and coddled, fly askew. In short, I am inclined to believe that the answer to the various riddles in life, so far as our intercourse with our fellow beings is concerned, lies just in this little matter, and its simplicity is the reason of its not being accepted.

Take the question which is being constantly striven with, deplored, abused and regretfully laid aside by the best people on earth, the question of incompatibility in married life. The divorce court is not the remedy; there was never a marriage yet, which turned out a bondage from this particular reason, which might not have been made possibly happy, and certainly endurable, had the man and the woman understood and accepted their temperaments and kept within the limit laid down by them. Take the man who opens his wife's letters. He is, in my estimation, meaner than any thief, because he has no aims no benefit, and because he doesn't see his lowness—the despicable lowness from which nothing is sacred. He can't help it; there is the senseless inquisitive ness born in him, and the only thing to do is to make him understand that, and to inspire him to overcome it. Only he can do that. How funny and absurd we are with our faults! What would you think of a gardener who would say, "Ah, see the weeds; they are going to choke every seed, and kill every flower. How they grow! Oh dear, isn't it sad to see them?" Wouldn't you think him a lunatic, not to go and pull them up? But that is the cry of humanity about their sins, exactly that, isn't it?

His First Conclusion.

Bildad—My wife has been going on terribly!
Neighbor—What is she going on? The stage!

I declare there has been more harm done by those two words, "miserable sinners," than you or I will ever realize. It is maddening to hear the soul gardener telling of the weeds, groaning over the height of the brambles, confessing and lamenting. If they would spend half that breath in one good long tug at the roots, they'd have many a bramble and dock of bad habits and sensuality over the fence!

Everyone is excited over the new discovery that photographs can be made through wood, through flesh, and that there are positively no concealments. Don't swallow pennies or diamonds; don't even steal plum-cake or jam. You may be haled into the dark-room and a photo taken of your "tummy," and there you are. Dare to deny the likeness! No more doctors will diagnose broken ribs for pneumonia; flash goes the machine and your fractured bones are shown hunting for their old location against your back-bone. No more needles can cavort through your body, coming out in inconvenient nose tips or elbows; the strong rays will track the truant needle on its wayward course and the surgeon will head it off with a scalpel. Someone says the wounds of love upon the heart can also be ascertained, and the lover can be quite sure whether there are "others." Rubbish! Science has nothing to do with such flummery! Do kisses show? Many of old said that the name of Calais was written on her heart. If only Mary had not been dead such a weary while, her negative would not have been in the affirmative, I am very certain. We'd have had her up and photographed her cruel life-pump, and no Calais would have developed. If such possibilities were for a moment admitted, fancy the interesting composite photos one might make from your heart and mine! Life would positively have a new interest, and the result might be well worth the experiment.

Talking of photos, have you a friend who is a camera fiend? Does he or she graciously allow you to assist in the rites; to spoil your clothes with drops of malicious acid; to stain your fingers with mysterious "baths;" to fetch water and hold bottles; to sit on a stool and watch the clock till you squint, and forget all about calling out when time is up? And do you get locked up in a dark-room till you feel the Bogey man at your back, and are you told not to tell funny stories, because the great Panjandrum is busy and doesn't want to be made laugh, and have you the impulse to upset the bath and strike a match among the chemicals? And do you beg to be let look at a negative over which the Panjandrum is chuckling, and do you look and see yourself a hideous nigger with white lips and hair. I think the negative is quite the worst of all, and I am not going to do any more amateur photography unless I can be the Panjandrum, and the other one the water-carrier and time-keeper.

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Up in Canada the state is getting into a red-hot fight about the church. —The *Ledger*, Philadelphia.

With the Humorists.

Ella—Don't you think Fred has engaging ways? Bella—Yes, but what we want is men with marrying ones.

Mrs. Trivvet—Do you think the animals have a language? Mr. Trivvet—Well, I have often heard of deer stalking.—*Judge*.

Miss Slimleigh—I have a thousand reasons for not wearing tights. Miss Plumleigh—Surely only two. You're no centipede.

When a statesman contemplates speaking his mind he should first make a study of whether his mind is fit for publication.—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Gossip—I think young Mr. Chatter is a delightful conversationalist. Mr. G.—Well, yes; he succeeds pretty well for a man who never has anything to say.

"That millionaire yonder has cheated me out of a fortune." "How? Wouldn't he let you marry his daughter?" "Worse than that—he never had a daughter."

Young tourist (after consulting dictionary)—Garrison, will you bring—oh—vooleez voaportez—two—deux-deux—er, oh—*Waite* (interrupting) Cocktails!—*Life*.

Old Friend—You ought to be proud of your wife. She is an extremely brilliant talker. I could listen to her for a whole night. The Husband (wearily)—I often do.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Old Lady—There, throw away that cigarette, little boy. It makes me sick to see you smoke. Little Boy—Yes, ma'am; but I'll bet you'd be sicker if you smoked one yourself.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Two blind men were in a train. Suddenly loud snicks were heard in the compartment. "There," said one to the other, "that's the fourth tunnel we are passing through."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Patient—Do you think a sudden fright would be likely to bring on a relapse? Doctor—Most certainly! Patient—Then please bear that in mind when making out your bill.—*Calendrier Américain*.

"Davie," asked Edith, "what are the seeds in grapes for?" "Humph!" said Davie, who assumes great wisdom before his little sister; "I guess you never heard of pendikeets, did you?"—*Judge*.

"Mr. Billiss is such a nice young man," said the elderly aunt. "That's all you know about it," said the young niece. "He is nothing of the sort. He is just the jolliest company imaginable."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Dinkley (who has owed a bill for medical attendance for four years and never mentions a settlement)—Doctor, I woke up in a cold sweat a little while ago, but feel so much better now I am sorry I sent for you. I am easily frightened and am afraid I am losing my nerve. Dr. Grimby (who has been called at two a.m., dryly)—No, I don't think you are.—*Judge*.

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of all diseases arise from deranged Kidneys and Liver, and it strikes at once at the root of the difficulty. The elements of which it is composed act directly upon the great organs both as a food and restorer, and placing them in a healthy condition, drive disease and pain from the system.

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THE PASSING OF SIR FREDERICK (LORD LEIGHTON), PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ENGLAND.

January 25, 1896.

Pause, busy world! and ye who drink ambrosial streams,

And know why Phœbus' rays are veiled,

Why proud Ximena's brows are wrung,

Apollo's lyre no longer echoes wake,

The Muse of Art and all her sisters weep.

Their gifted offspring, he whose soul conceived

From classic lore, and themes of joy reveal'd

(Expressed with true Hellenic power and grace)

To our enraptured gaze, beauty's incarnate loveliness

And masterpieces wrought in plastic forms.

Painter! Sculptor! Scholar! Soldier!

Four-fold genius! brilliance rare!

Eye, tongue, sword and cunning hand:

Thy courtly mien, Hyperion brow,

Charm of voice to inspire and lead:

Thy deeper love and helping hand,

Genius, honor, chivalry and worth

Proclaim true Artists' attributes.

Shall we not spare the tired Artist rest

In slumbers sweet, well earned, refreshing,

Beholding high in firmament his orb!

For emprise had raised oft his scroll,

Emblazoned by his peers, his age, his Queen,

To shine illustrious in Immortality.

HAMILTON MACARTHUR, R.C.A.

Toronto, Canada.

Henry Labouchere, writing of the late Lord Leighton, says:—I do not think that I ever knew anyone to whom the epithet prefixed to the name of Crichton was more applicable. As a young man he was exceedingly good-looking, and he was very handsome to the last. He seemed to excel in anything that he attempted. As a linguist he spoke many languages fluently; as a painter and sculptor he became famous; as an orator he was ornate and effective.

Two quite remarkable pictures are at present on exhibition at the gallery of Messrs. Matthews Bros., Yonge street, by the late Albert Hartland, R.A. One is a view of the Upper Lake of Killarney and the other, Lake Innock. The handling in both is worthy of the artist, who in his line had few equals, the color truthful, but perhaps the chief charm is in the feeling of space, of quiet grandeur, that is conveyed; the mountains near Killarney rise peak beyond peak from the shore, the clouds trail across them leaving tatters behind, while in the foreground the figure of a solitary fisherman only adds to the lovely loneliness. One odd feature about both these large water-colors is that they are executed on parchment.

Mr. C. M. Manly, who has just returned from the atmosphere of English art, gives it as his opinion that the man who will fill Sir (or Lord) Frederic Leighton's place will be either Herkomer or Alma Tadema, both foreigners to be sure, but so was Benjamin West. Orchardson's health is too uncertain, he seldom produces more than one picture a year, and Sir J. Millais is too much of a country squire, and dislikes the publicity. Either of the men mentioned would "fill the bill admirably."

Last week Mr. Bernard McEvoy lectured before the Woman's Art Association in the studio, Canada Life building, on Book and Newspaper Illustration. Mr. Dickson Patterson introduced the speaker, whose lecture dealt first with the history of illustration, from the earliest rectangular illuminated manuscripts of the fourth century to the more natural and brilliantly colored work of the monks of the Middle Ages, and on to the first rude attempts at wood engraving. The advance in this art was closely followed, descriptions of famous illustrated books were given, among which was Ferrer's Concordance which was presented to Charles I., until within the last few years, twenty perhaps, the art reached its height. The process of photo-engraving was described, which has supplanted the slower and more expensive wood engraving, and some sound advice was given to any in the audience who

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PRESENTATION
ADDRESSES
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TORONTO



Johnnie—Grandpa. What did Washington's father do after he cut the cherry tree?

Grandpa—Well, I dunno. Guess he made some cough syrup out o' th' bark.

might be contemplating illustrating, as to the manner of their work. Numbers of plates in various stages of development were shown by the lecturer and left for inspection of those interested. At the close a vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer by the president, Mrs. Dignan.

The Toronto Sketch Club met last week in the office of Messrs. Curry & Baker, the subject for the evening being the plan for a small country house. The number of drawings submitted was smaller than usual, there being less opportunity for artistic handling. Mr. C. P. Meredith among the students was awarded first place when the work was voted on. The next meeting is to be at Mr. Langton's office, and the subject is to be a design for wall and iron gates to a mansion.

Socrates; my wife 1,800 years after the death of Tiberius; our son Leo 2,000 years after the promulgation of the Licinian laws by Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, and our Amanda 1,500 years after the commencement of the great Migration. Very simple, is it not?—Zondagblad.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MORREL.—Your writing is too uniform. Your letter was mislaid, hence the delay in your answer. I think you have excellent force of character, and should develop into something good.

JACK KETCH.—The whole thing was a piece of foolishness, due to your want of knowledge of facts. Don't worry about it, dear boy; in fact, don't ever think of it again. I have explained to the person exactly what occasioned it, and with her customary sweetness of disposition she has quite condoned it.

SVENGALI.—You are both cautious and impetuous, rather a difficult person, I fancy, but admirably equipped mentally and with a great deal of force. I don't think you have much tact, but you are honest and truthful, and should be in some business requiring system and concentration. The enclosure is quite inadmissible. See Rules.

BROWN EYES.—1. Most of the contracts fix the girl's majority at eighteen, but in the case of inheritance the age is always twenty-one. 2. Old enough to suffer and be patient. 3. Nothing. It takes its time. 4. You are nervous, tenacious, imaginative, impatient of control, rather talkative, generous in impulse and very hasty. 5. No, nor old ones either.

TRACEY.—Your writing belies you, or rather, you belie your writing by the twaddly you string off. Why should you not amount to anything? What hinders you from being of some use in the world? Though a bit unfinished, your writing is firm and forceful, promising much good. In fact, you have traits that with care and discipline will develop into the finest possible womanhood. Don't affect humility; think a great deal of yourself; you deserve it.

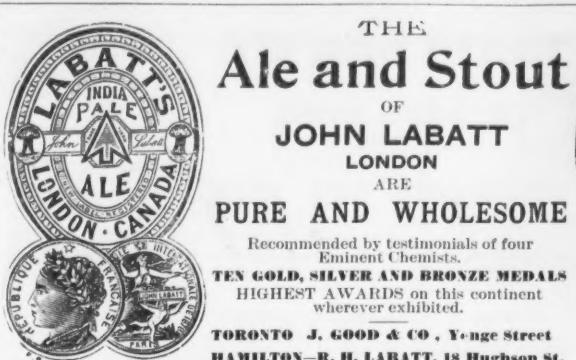
PSYCHE. No. 2.—I do not know anything about them. Try Cook's Turkish bath, and ask for special massage for your trouble. The bath woman will know exactly what is required. 2. No. You need not take anything of the sort. Everything is provided that is necessary. 3. A luncheon such as you describe will cost you two dollars a plate; that is, twenty dollars for your party. I have answered you and Fiancée at once, as your enquiries are so urgent. Your studies will be done strictly in their proper order, probably within three months from now.

RAMONA.—It is usually the girls who do the enthusiasm on such occasions. You put it very wisely. A man seldom quite enjoys paddling six miles, for a messy meal, and I don't see why he should. If you were confidante of some young man, as older women are, you'd never get up a picnic. 2. Your writing is excellent; strong purpose, good concentration, excellent temper, good order, a happy way of life, a very good lookout for No. 1, plenty of energy, and decided ability, just enough originality and independence. I think you are really a charming person.

FIANCÉE.—When you receive the present, write and thank the giver. Nothing to be shy about. An engagement isn't an unheard-of thing even in this non-sentimental age. No acknowledgments but thanks are necessary, and if you don't visit the woman, why should you invite her to the tea? She there isn't any reason why you shouldn't, only, if she knows anything, she will be surprised. It is not of much consequence. Certainly have either men or music; a hen party, cackling madly for two hours, would be insupportable. For address of musicians, kindly look at our advertising columns.

FATHER.—I really cannot tell you. My own opinion is that the whole thing is "faked," as the slang expresses it, but there be many fools yet alive, and they employ themselves in such manner. 2. Your writing shows caution, suspicion and curiosity; you mistrust everyone, but you are yourself scrupulously upright. Such strange traits often combine. Strong ambition, keen perception, excellent reasoning power, liking for social intercourse, a capacity for warm affection, inclined to jealousy, and apt to be sharp and cruel in speech, decided talent, I fancy for music, and a most sensitive nature generally are shown in your very striking and original writing. A man to be loved well or not at all.

MENOMICS.—I. "Would you tell me how to be a general favorite?" Well, that is rather a large order, my dear young lady, but the rest of your letter has the right ring in it. I don't think a brilliant talker is often a general favorite, but the intensely sympathetic person almost always is. She knows when to talk, and how, and when to hold her peace. She lives Charles Reade's motto, "Put yourself in his place." Even the Christ did no more than that, you remember. And people grow so interesting you'll be surprised how you will enjoy them, once you quite forget yourself. 2. Your writing shows a good deal



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SCHUBERT.

The third annual concert of the Toronto Male Chorus Club, which was held in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week, attracted a very large and fashionable audience. No efforts had been spared by the committee to present for the occasion a programme which should be worthy of the past record of this popular club.

In addition to the regular work of the chorus, which in itself has always proved an attraction to lovers of unaccompanied part-singing, the very happy choice which was made of assisting artists contributed in no small measure to the large patronage extended the event.

The solo artists were Mr. Plunket Greene, basso: Madame Clementine de Vere-Sapiro, soprano, and Herr Rudolf Ruth, cellist. A chorus of sixty-one responded to the conductor's baton, being considerably larger than the excellent body of singers which created so favorable an impression in the Pavilion at last year's concert.

It must be confessed, however, that the chorus has been enlarged in numbers at the expense of its musical quality. The comparatively good balance of tone noted last season was wanting, in a measure, this year. It may be added also that the frequent interruptions to rehearsals consequent upon the unfortunate illness of Mr. Tripp, the conductor, did not facilitate the preparation of the programme as satisfactorily as in former seasons.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, one is pleased to record the fact that in the interpretation of the various choral numbers Mr. Tripp again proved himself to be a musician of marked ability and a choral conductor of more than ordinary attainments. The club sang the following numbers: Sodermann's Peasants' Wedding March, Abt's Now the Day is Fading Slowly, Vogrich's arrangement of The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls, St. Saens' The Sailors of Kermor, Barnby's Now the Day is Over, Hopkins' Father, Again to Thy Dear Name, Goetze's O Happy Day, Harton's Tar's Song, Kuecken's Hie Thee, Shallot, and Van der Stuecken's arrangement of My Old Kentucky Home. Of these the most popular number was Goetze's beautiful ballad, which was sung with excellent effect and heartily encored. The best work of the chorus, however, was done in Van der Stuecken's effective arrangement of My Old Kentucky Home, which was given with refined expression, admirable quality of tone and correct intonation. In several of the remaining numbers the unsatisfactory character of much of the material comprising the chorus was quite marked. This was more particularly noticeable as regards intonation, a fact which will doubtless receive the conductor's attention in forming next year's chorus. St. Saens' The Sailors of Kermor, and Kuecken's Hie Thee, Shallot, suffered somewhat through lack of sympathy between Mme. Sapiro and the chorus, due to want of familiarity with the music on the part of the soloist.

Much interest was felt in the first appearance in this city of Mr. Plunket Greene, the eminent Irish basso. The engagement of this fine soloist proved to be one of the most popular moves ever made by any concert committee in Toronto. Whilst the quality of his voice in itself may have fallen short of the expectations of many who were present, and exception might have been taken to the occasional faulty intonation in his singing, the fact remains that few singers have aroused greater enthusiasm in Toronto than the manly and intelligent vocalist who figured so conspicuously in the programme of the concert under notice. With a most interesting personality, a true artistic temperament and an evident nobility of purpose, his singing appeals at once to all classes of listeners. A Schubert Lied and several Scotch, English and Irish ballads constituted his selections and afforded ample opportunity for a display of his remarkable versatility and individuality. Needless to say he was repeatedly encored. Mme. Devere-Sapiro sang Meyerbeer's Shadow Song, Weber's Bells in the Valley, and Sapiro's Spring, scoring her greatest success in the last mentioned number. Her voice, a soprano of remarkably fine quality and large compass, is beginning to show slight signs of wear. Her reception, however, was most cordial. The instrumental numbers contributed by Herr Rudolf Ruth, our local solo cellist, were among the most interesting features of an excellent programme. The spontaneous applause which followed his performance of Poper's Elfenlantz proved conclusively the strong impression created by his playing on this occasion. From an artistic point of view his interpretation of the Chopin-Copland Nocturne deserves special mention, although this very difficult number, from its character, is not likely to prove popular in its adaptation for cello. The accompaniments were played by Signor Giuseppe Dinelli with all the technical skill and artistic sympathy for which he is so well and favorably known in this city and throughout the province.

A very successful musical was given by pupils of Miss Florence Brown at the Berkeley Street Methodist church on Saturday evening last. The following piano pupils participated and proved by their work the careful training received at Miss Brown's hands: Misses Walmsley, Kelley, Flo Bradshaw, Eva Galley, M. Thompson, Gertie Dunfield, Gertrude Ratcliffe, H. Paterson, Mabel Walmsley, M. Wilkinson and Wallace, and Master Gordon Shaver. Valuable assistance was rendered by the following vocalists: Miss Mabel Rook and Messrs. N. Eagen, W. McKendry and Bruce Bradley.

With reference to the performance of The Creation on Thursday evening next, the following copy of a resolution passed by the

Trades and Labor Council will be of interest: "Resolved, that we, the Toronto Trades and Labor Council, endorse the action of the Toronto Philharmonic in giving a performance of Haydn's Creation at 25 cents admission, and pledge ourselves to use our utmost endeavor to make it as great, or even a greater, success than that of The Messiah given last year."

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley's next organ recital, which will be given this afternoon at the Sherbourne street church, will be devoted to Mendelssohn's Variations Serienses, which Paderevski is playing so much this season: Chopin's Impromptu, op. 36, Valse, op. 70 (delicately played), Scherzo, op. 20; Moszkowski's Dance Fantastique, Melodie, Capriccietto, and the Schubert-Liszt Erl-King transcription, besides a trifle by Chaminade for encore.

Miss Maggie Huston has been singing in Ottawa with much success. The Ottawa Journal says of her singing: "Miss Huston charmed everybody. Her voice is singularly fascinating, especially sweet and fresh in timbre and true in intonation. Rumor has it that the Dominion Methodist church desires to acquire her services as soloist for the choir."

This being the jubilee year of the production of Mendelssohn's sublime oratorio, The Elijah, the announcement is made that Mr. Torrington proposes to celebrate it by a performance of the work on a grand scale. All singers willing to take part may send in their names to him, mentioning the part they sing.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Webster will give a mandolin and song recital in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening next. Tickets have been placed at fifty cents and may be obtained at Mason & Risch's, King street west, or Messrs. Nordheimer's.

Moderato.

Mendelssohn Choir Concert.

The magnificent audience that assembled in Massey Music Hall on Tuesday evening last was from the three standpoints of size, brilliancy and musical culture easily the most notable of the season.

There was a reason for all this; it was known that a large body of singers, for the most part musically singers too, had been most conscientiously rehearsing for months past an attractive programme, and there was a feeling of certainty prevailing throughout the city that a concert of unusual excellence was to be given, and accordingly lovers of the refined in music turned out *en masse*. Then, again, the lines of economy were not too tightly drawn by the management, for two artists, one of whom at least is world-famous, were provided to lend additional interest to a notable programme.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, pianist, and Mr. William H. Rieger, tenor, were the soloists in question.

The programme (which, by the way, was in itself a work of art, printed on the blotting-paper to avoid the rustling so annoying to sensitive ears) as regards the Mendelssohn's themselves, was as follows: Mendelssohn, Psalm 98, (eight parts); Sullivan, I Hear the Soft Note; Caldicott, Violet and Bee; Gounod, motette, Come unto Him (six parts); Kierulf-Rees, Last Night (women's voices); Roeder, On Venice Waters (male voices); Bridge of F. Bold Turpin; Mendelssohn, The Cheerful Wanderer (male voices); Neidlinger, Lullaby (women's voices); Fanning, dramatic scene (with tenor obligato), Liberty; and Lassus (1520-1594), Matona, Lovely Maiden.

This concert seemed to further strengthen the conclusion forced upon one long ago that to interest good singers in chorus work, have them sing *en amore* all the time and be ever thoroughly *en rapport* with their conductor, sons-must prevail.

The getting up of an oratorio, no matter how sublime the subject and however enabling should be the acquiring of an insight into its impressive beauties, entails an immense amount of drudgery, and your good singer will generally have none of it, that is, in this country.

This may not be altogether as one would wish, but nevertheless the fact remains and is quite undeniable. After a half dozen rehearsals a part-song is virtually memorized, and thereafter the chorister can devote his undivided attention to the conductor, and the latter thereby has a grateful task, though on account of these advantages criticism should be far more stringent as applied to both leader and forces.

Justice demands, happily in this case, that a full measure of praise be meted out, for the Mendelssohn Choir under the brilliant direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt fairly triumphed in the taxing programme upon the occasion under notice.

The personnel of the chorus alone promised the best quality of tone, and throughout the evening one was kept in good humor, and at times grew enthusiastic over the fact that none of the readings could scarcely have been improved upon, and made a mental note that here was a case where all promises had been fulfilled.

Mendelssohn's setting of the 98th Psalm, the organ and the chorus did it full justice, the organ being introduced in the middle section with considerable effect.

The Sullivan number was given with exquisite finish, while the neatness of phrasing employed in the Violet and Bee brought down the house and it had to be re-pealed.

Mr. Vogt was wise in contrasting the women's and men's voices in two numbers, viz., in the first instance the Kierulf-Rees item with Roeder's waltz song, and Mendelssohn's stirring glee with the dainty Neidlinger arrangement, for thereby the distinctive sections were exhibited to great advantage.

The women are fine indeed, but the male section is at once the most refined while still, when necessary, superbly resonant, and is equal to any with which I have any acquaintance, and it has been my good fortune to hear a few concertos in various parts of the world.

Fanning's "Liberty" is an inspiring composition and was thoroughly well given, Mr. Rieger sustaining admirably the tenor obligato.

Lassus' lovely old "Matona, Lovely Maiden" proved most refreshing. In this number the choir met the demands made upon it by reason of the peculiarity of the contrapuntal period of its composition, as it did the preceding numbers, with the utmost success.

Madame Zeisler, a pianist of most unusual

powers, indeed a competitor with the best for highest honors, thoroughly captivated her auditors. Technic is but the means to an end with this artist, for its subservience to the aesthetic demands of the compositions played is omnipresent. Of a temperament alike unto Rubinstein himself, Madame Zeisler is of a truth an interesting woman. Whether in her impetuous playing of a Liszt transcription or in the delicate singing out of a Chopin excerpt, this soulful lady is scarcely ever of the earth, earthly. It is not my fashion to "rave" as regards any artist of this day and generation, but there is something about Madame Zeisler that compels one's enthusiasm to assert itself.

Her numbers on Tuesday evening included Mendelssohn's Variations Serienses, which Paderevski is playing so much this season: Chopin's Impromptu, op. 36, Valse, op. 70 (delicately played), Scherzo, op. 20; Moszkowski's Dance Fantastique, Melodie, Capriccietto, and the Schubert-Liszt Erl-King transcription, besides a trifle by Chaminade for encore.

It is needless to dilate upon the reading accuracy of these numbers; suffice it to say that Madame Zeisler played them.

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger has never been heard here to better advantage. His voice and style have rounded out considerably and he leaves little to be desired now as a lyric tenor of the first class.

His artistic singing of an aria from Thomas Francesco di Rimini, Liszt's Du Bist wie eine Blume, and Lassen's Freuhlingszeit will be remembered for some time.

His encores were Helmlund's Blumenlied and Wilson G. Smith's If I but Knew, the latter of which is beneath him. To Mr. A. S. Vogt belongs the credit of enabling Torontonians to hear part-singing in its best form. His work has been self-sacrificing and he has always kept the highest ideals in view.

As a conductor his experience with the Mendelssohn Choir has served to draw out still more strongly those qualities which are essential to the success of "the man at the desk."

He to-day combines the rather rare gifts of possessing feeling and regard for the emotional in music, tempered with a cool brain that does not allow him to be purely a "tempo rubato" conductor," as Weingartner puts it.

Mr. Vogt has certainly come to stay, and none of his fellow-musicians in the city, I am sure, envy him his success.

Miss Jessie Perry was accompanist for the Choir, and Mr. Hewlett came on from London to perform a similar service for the soloists. I am aware that this is a service of praise; I mean it to be.

In the midst of so much of the mediocrity of the present day it is a pleasure to be able occasionally to dust off one's stock of adjectives on something genuinely good, and Mr. Vogt's excellent concert and still more excellent choir I thank heartily for having given me the enter for study at any time.

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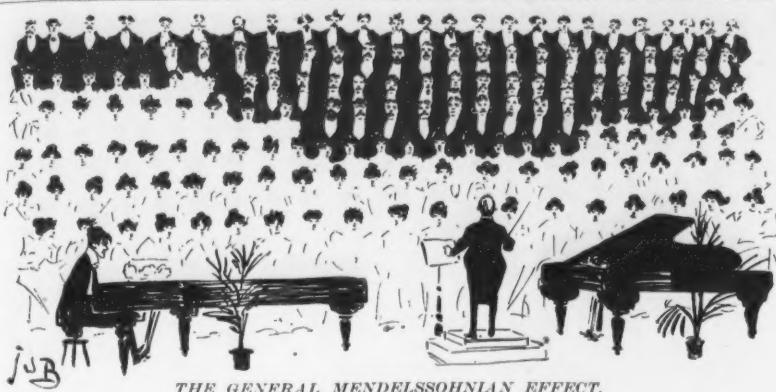
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The Drama.

Darkest Russia, Grattan Donnelly's play, is this week doing big business at the Toronto Opera House, the place being crowded at every performance. A few years ago Michael Strogoff was a very popular play, and the favor with which Darkest Russia is received proves that people are yet interested in plays dealing with Russian life, and I should not be surprised to see Michael Strogoff revived and played in popular-priced houses. There are some false notes in Donnelly's play, but it is full of human interest and a great improvement upon the ordinary melodrama.

Reginald De Koven, who steals so gracefully, always steals enough to send his audience away seafarfed. In Rob Roy he has had the whole range of Scotch music to pilfer from and he has done it nobly. If Mr. De Koven were out in this cold hard world I have no doubt that he would be a Napoleon of finance because his speculations are always *en principe*. Rob Roy owes a great deal to its Scotch scenery and its Kilties for the atmosphere, but more even to the Scotch ballads to which Mr. De Koven has imparted an operatic infusion. To the book it owes very little, for a more feeble, maudlin sort of libretto could hardly be produced. Richard Carroll as Mayor MacWheele is responsible for a large part of the merriment, and to effect that he has had to gag his part over generously. The company at the Grand this week is practically the same as last season, but lacks the unctuous humor of Joe Herbert as the town crier. Vocally the artists are as effective as can be expected in comic opera. Mr. Pruette as Rob Roy sang the beautiful music of the part with exquisite voice and method, and acted with virile spontaneity. Mr. Wm. McLaughlin as Lochiel displayed a magnificent basso. Lizzie MacNichol and Julietta Carden were sufficient vocally. Miss Anna O'Keefe, who, I understand, owns a third interest in the company, considers it unnecessary to sing or act with animation, and doesn't.

The School of Elocution of the Conservatory of Music held the second of its series of recitals for this season last Friday evening. A large and appreciative audience filled the music hall to the doors, and seemed to consider the programme unusually interesting. The vocal and instrumental assistance by pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher, Mrs. H. W. Webster and Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., was excellent. Grieg's Lyrische Stucke, Book III., Nos. 1 and 2, was played by Miss Annie Proctor. Miss May Young sang Braga's Angels' Serenade. Mr. Fred. W. Stevenson C. A. White's The Old Turnkey, and Mr. William Selby Parker's Jerusalem. Miss Lily Cottam contributed a double mandolin number, Hauser's Wiegenlied and Frühlingslied. The elocutionary part of the programme was begun by Miss Ida M. Wingfield reciting Browning's Herne Riel in way showing great dramatic power. Mr. C. Leroy Kenney in Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby Leaving Yorkshire School gave a vivid portrayal of the novelist's inimitable character. He

AT THE MENDELSSOHN CONCERT.



Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeister.

is a gifted impersonator. Pomona and the Tricycle, by Frank R. Stockton, afforded Miss Gertrude Trotter the opportunity to provoke the risibilities of the audience, which she did admirably. Mrs. W. J. Ross gave a finished interpretation of Jean Ingelow's High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire. A double number, The Petrified Fern and The Devoted Apple, by Frederic Weatherly, the latter with suggestive musical accompaniment, proved Miss Blanche Lehigh's gifts of expression to be of a high and versatile order. The last half hour was occupied with the presentation of a comedietta, by E. Schimthof, Six Cups of Chocolate, with the following cast:

Miss Adeline Von Landon, a German girl..... Miss Ella Metcalfe
Miss Marion Lee, a transplanted Southern girl..... Miss Duluth Barnes
Miss Dorothy Green, a New Englander..... Miss Florence McConnell
Miss Hester Beacon, a Bostonian..... Miss Gertrude Trotter
Miss Beatrix Von Kortlandt, a New Yorker..... Miss May Walker
Miss Jeanette Durand, a French girl..... Mrs. W. J. Ross

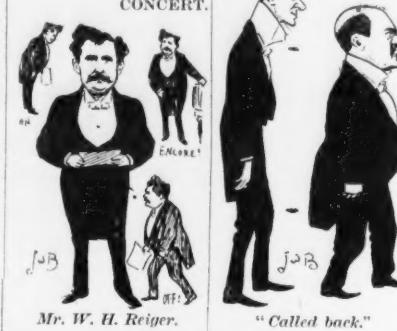
This clever dramatic sketch reflected great credit on Miss Berryman, who did the coaching, each of the young ladies acting with ample vivacity and sympathy with the part. The characters were prettily costumed in summer gowns and the piece went with much sparkle, keeping the audience in constant laughter over the letters received from a young student who

tragedy, A Light from St. Agnes; a one-act play by the famous French author, Alphonse Daudet, entitled The White Pink, and a one act play by Brander Matthews, entitled This Picture and That. Before this production Mrs. Fiske will have been seen in her strongest emotional role, that of Marie Deloche in The Queen of Liars, also by Daudet, and in Ibsen's A Doll's House, in which she is now acknowledged to be supreme as Nora. In both of these plays Mrs. Fiske's work has excited wonder wherever she has appeared this season, and in each her play upon the emotions differs diametrically from the other. But it is in the triple bill that she will give the most remarkable display of versatility. Mrs. Fiske is coming to the Grand for the latter half of next week and will play The Queen of Liars on Thursday night and Saturday matinee; A Doll's House on Friday, and the triple bill on Saturday night.

Thelma was a good thing.

Madame Albani, "our own," who will sing at Massey Music Hall on the evening of February 21, will no doubt be greeted by one of the finest

AT THE MENDELSSOHN CONCERT.



"Called back."

audiences Toronto has ever turned out. Albani, the world-renowned, is a Canadian, and we are not disposed to forget it. The New Budget of London, Eng., says: "The Canadian diva is in admirable voice this year, fact upon which everyone seems agreed. Her greatest success was made during the season in Verdi's Otello. And little wonder! Not only does she positively love the part from an acting point of view, but the music suits her—as if it had been specially composed for her—to a nicety. In Lohengrin, Tannhauser and Harold, Cowen's latest work, she had also appeared and with undoubted success. A friend, who well remembers Albani as a child, at home at Chambly, near Montreal, tells me that her voice from her earliest days gave promise of future brilliancy. At school she was looked upon as a quaint, sentimental little girl. Her mind was always at work. She lived in a world of her own creating. The Albani Gye family is, without doubt, a happy one. Madame and her husband, her own sister and sister-in-law, live together at the pretty house in The Boltons in perfect harmony. Their friends are many and their interests wide. Albani is not only a fine singer, but an intelligent reader of good books and reviews, a sportswoman when in Scotland, a lover of the beautiful in everything."

"For the life of me," said the young man, "I don't see why a woman who is not born with the same capacity for swallowing excuses that she has for ice cream!" Indianapolis Journal.



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THE POWERFUL DRAMA

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MOCK PARLIAMENT and...

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Will be given by the Ladies of this City, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., to be held in the

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AT 8 P.M.

The Premier will be represented by (Mrs.) Dr. Stowe. Mrs. McDonald will be leader of the Opposition. A treat is expected.

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We Must Have the Tools.

Robinson Crusoe, you remember, made a big boat or canoe out of the trunk of a tree. It was a laborious and tedious job. And that wasn't the worst of it. When he got the boat done he couldn't launch it. It was too heavy for one man to handle. If he had only an arrangement like the captain of a ship he might have managed. He understood how to do it, but lacked the tools. How often we find ourselves at a dead stand for that same reason. Let me give you a fresh illustration tied up for the moment in the following letter, which must first be read before we can rightly come at the point.

"In the spring of 1884," says our correspondent, "I got into a low weak way, not being able to imagine what had happened to me. My strength kept ebbing away till I had scarcely the desire or ability to do anything. I felt as tired as if I had just arrived home from a long, hard journey, yet no tax more than usual of any kind had been laid upon me. My mind, too, was weary; so that I turned from things that obliged me to think, plan, or consider.

"Side by side, so to speak, with all this was the failure of my appetite. Of course I continued to eat or make an effort to eat, but food no longer tempted me as it does a person in health. I picked and minced over my meals, and the little I took neither tasted good nor did it mean good after I had eaten it. Instead of warming, comforting, and stimulating me, as it used to do, it gave me distress at the stomach, pain at the chest, and a singular feeling of tightness around the waist, as though a belt were buckled too snug around me.

"After a time the condition of my stomach seemed to grow worse. There was that sense of gnawing, so often mentioned by others and occasionally a feeling of faintness and sinking, almost like the ground giving away under one's feet."

(REMARK)—An eminent London physician, in one of his books, describes this sinking feeling as one of the most appalling and frightful that it is possible to experience. It is not the body but the *mind* that suffers. I, the present writer had two attack of it, and pray to have no more. It is like unto the overshadowing of the Death Angel's wing, with the *mind* fully conscious of the situation. The cause is uric acid poison in the blood, one of the products of prolonged indigestion.]

"When this sinking feeling came on," continues the letter, "it weighed me down like a nightmare. Finally I got to be so weak I could only walk slowly and feebly. The doctor who prescribed for me said my complaint was dyspepsia, but his medicine had no perceptible effect.

"I continued like this for eight years; not always the same, but now better, and then worse. Yet all that time there was not a day when I could say I was well. No medicine or treatment seemed right for me, and I almost began to think I never should recover my former health.

"In March, 1892, Mother Seigel's Syrup was recommended to me as having done wonders in cases like mine, even when they were of long standing and everything else had failed. No harm to try it, we thought, and got a bottle from Mr. Grime, the chemist in Bolton Road, and after taking it I felt great relief. My appetite quickly improved, and I could eat without pain. When I had taken two or three bottles more the bad symptoms had all gone, and I was as well as ever. My husband also took the medicine with the same good results. You may publish my letter and refer inquirers to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Wilson, 5, Northgate Street, Bolton Road, Darwen, March 1st, 1895."

The lesson in this interesting narrative is too plain for us to miss it. Our old friend Crusoe was not able to launch his boat for the want of machinery. Similarly the doctor who attended Mrs. Wilson was not able to cure her because he did not possess the right remedy. His opinion as to her complaint was entirely correct. She was suffering from chronic dyspepsia, precisely as he told her. But alas! it is one thing to know what ought to be done and quite another to have the knowledge and means to do it.

Between these two things (over this wide gap) stands Mother Seigel's Syrup, just as between the two sides of the Thames stands London Bridge.

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Miss Eloise A. Skimings of Goderich, composer of National March and Brechin Beach Galop, etc., etc., says: This is to certify that I have found the Eudo Mineral Water the finest thing I ever used for strengthening and purifying the system. It assists in giving more perfect intonation.

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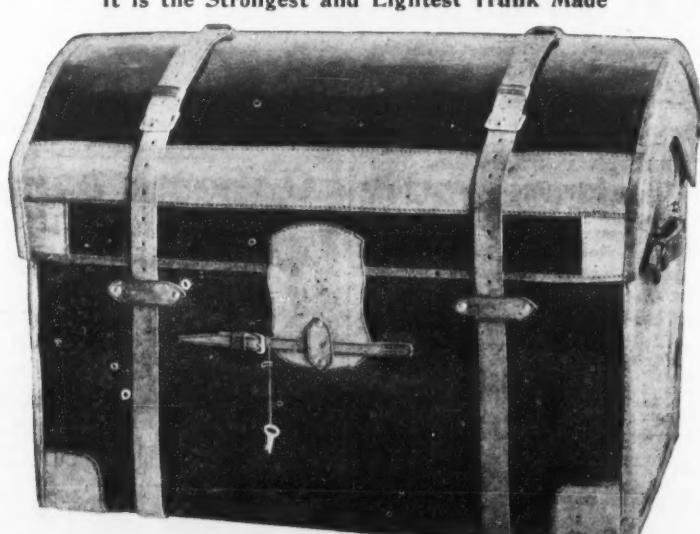
After the endless piecing necessary in working with hair cloth, or canvas it is a treat to have Fibre Cloth. Its great width—sixty-four inches—and the fact that it must always be cut across the goods makes it easy to get out the fullest sleeves or most flaring capes with hardly a join. Always have its wrinkles run around your garment, never up and down.

Phrenology and Palmistry

Prof. O'Brien, whose card appears on another page, is very proficient in phrenology and palmistry, and it is becoming quite the fashion to consult him. If you show the professor a photo of your "friend" he will tell you all about him.

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"And behold if the plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks greenish or reddish, then the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shut up the house seven days. And he shall cause the house to be scraped within round about, and they shall pour out the dust that they scrape off without the city into an unclean place."

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont., giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent an order on the Alabastine dealer in the town for a package of Alabastine, enough to cover 50 square yards of wall, two coats, tinted or white. To all who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the solving of which may earn you \$50.00.

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This matter of looking to the sanitary nature of wall coatings seems to be considered of much importance of late. A supplement to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and kalsomines for walls, and recommends Alabastine as being sanitary, pure, porous, permanent, economical and beautiful. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing in cold water.

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Earths.

SMITH—Feb. 12, Mrs. Walter H. Smith—a daughter. RAVKIN—Jan. 21, Mrs. Robert Rankin—a son. WRIGHT—Feb. 1, Mrs. H. A. Wright—a daughter. MILLS—Feb. 10, Mrs. Wm. Mills—a son. MCARTHUR—Feb. 3, Mrs. A. McArthur—a daughter. HOLLYER—Feb. 10, Mrs. A. J. Hollyer—a son. LANCASTER—Feb. 6, Mrs. W. F. Lancaster—a son. LEE—Feb. 8, Mrs. George Lee—a daughter. DOUGLASS—Feb. 2, Mrs. Lincoln Douglass—a son. HAMILTON—Feb. 1, Mrs. E. M. Hamilton—a son. PHILLIPS—Feb. 10, Mrs. Thomas Phillips—a son. APPELBE—Parry Sound, Mrs. Appelbe—a son. THOMSON—Feb. 9, Mrs. G. C. Thomson—a daughter.

Marriages

MCGILL—STECKLEY—Feb. 5, William McGill to Sarah Steckley. BARKER—ERICA Y.—Feb. 5, Thomas W. Barry to Annie Murray. BEATTY—TRUEL—Feb. 5, Dr. A. C. Beatty to Sophie Truel. DUNKLEY—KNIBBS—Feb. 5, G. W. Dunkley to Mary Harriet Knibbs. RUEHLER—JOSEPHINE BOYLE—Feb. 5, F. J. Rutherford to Martha Boyle. QUARRY—HARRISON—Feb. 5, James J. Quarry to Josephine Harrison. REID—BAKER—Jan. 22, at the residence of the bride's father, 90 Concord avenue, by Rev. J. C. Speer, T. E. Reid, B.A., second son of J. C. Reid, Esq., of Orangeville, to Kathern Elizabeth, oldest daughter of Mr. S. Baker.

Deaths:

DOUGHTY—Feb. 5, Eliza Jane Doughty, aged 22. WADE—Feb. 5, Dr. Wm. Wade, aged 32. WINANS—Feb. 6, Gertrude May Winans. ALLIN—Feb. 10, Daniel Allin, aged 62. LEGGO—Feb. 10, Amelia Leggo, aged 71. READE—Feb. 10, Dr. Thomas W. Read. COBB—Feb. 10, Mrs. Francis Cobb, aged 69. MCFARLANE—Feb. 10, Francis McFarlane, aged 61.

DR G. L. BALL

DENTIST

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